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## Notes of the Week

THE reasons for the resignation of Mr. James Bryce, the British Ambassador to the United States, have not been fully disclosed, but it is permissible to surmise that the attraction of literary affairs, which has always been strongly upon him, has not a little to do with the step he has taken. As long ago as 1862 his work on "The Holy Roman Empire" brought him fame; his book on "The American Commonwealth," published in 1888, is a classic on the subject, and in America is regarded as a text-book for all students. In the intervals of a strenuous official career—for within the recollection of many of our readers he has been Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, President of the Board of Trade, and Chief Secretary for Ireland—he has evidently found time to go thoroughly into subjects which need deep study and a well-balanced mind before any critical essay can be composed upon them. Whatever we may think of his political opinions, there is no doubt as to his qualifications as a writer; his latest volume on South America ranks high with those who are fitted to judge, and we hear that he has other works in hand, notably one on Democracy, which, if we mistake not, will embody much that is new in the treatment of a difficult theme.

Many old customs, a few of which still linger, are associated with the choosing of a Mayor and his assumption of office. In London, in the year 1825, a "precept" was issued to the Aldermen which contained some amusing instructions "for the more decent and orderly Performance of the Solemnity"; among these the beadle was to go from house to house and "acquaint the several Inhabitants that by an Act of Parliament made in the

reign of King William the Third It is enacted that no Person of what degree or quality soever shall make, sell, or expose to sale, any Squibs, Serpents, or other Fireworks; or any Cases, Moulds, or other Implements whatsoever for making such Fireworks." The populace were requested "to adorn the Fronts and Balconies of their Houses with their best Hangings or other Ornaments," and to have their streets "cleanly swept, well paved and amended." Some years ago the new Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne had to kiss the prettiest girl he could find—and pay a sovereign for the privilege; and at Grimsby three candidates, each with a bundle of hay on his back, submitted themselves to a calf, who made choice. There was doubtless more fun in the old days than there is now, and more pageantry, especially when the barges of the City Companies accompanied the Lord Mayor-elect from Westminster to Blackfriars; but, on the whole, our choice in these more sober times is quite as sound, and the results probably better.

We shall be very sorry, from more than one point of view, if the system recently advocated by a writer in *The World's Work* of using magazines as text-books in the education of children ever becomes general. The attitude of one teacher who is "running a magazine class," and the value of her remarks, may be judged from her own words; she "can't keep up much longer the deception that De Quincey, Pope, and Addison are the best literary diet," and she hopes that "sometime an advantage of analysing these moth-eaten worthies will appear." If it were worth while, it would be interesting to hear what graceful raillery from Addison, and what bleak satiric couplet from Pope, would greet a statement so pretentious and so peculiarly expressed. Doubtless—indeed, inevitably—the popular magazines are more to the taste of this pert, self-satisfied lady than any masterpiece of English literature. Sad indeed will be the reflections of the pupils thus "educated" when, in after years, they mingle with ordinary people who happen to have enjoyed the work of Shakespeare, Spenser, Swift, Pope, Addison, and other "moth-eaten worthies" who, curiously enough, have managed somehow to gain an honoured place in history, but whose charm makes no appeal to the lofty-souled "teacher running a magazine class."

China, we understand, is to have a new alphabet, in order that the task of the student in committing to memory 8,000 ideograms may no longer be necessary. The laborious duty of reforming the language has been entrusted to a distinguished Committee, one member of which is Professor Solonghello, of the School of Oriental Languages at Naples, and "one of the greatest polyglots in the world," according to *La Revue*. With no disrespect to the Professor, may we suggest that his name is prophetic, in our English colloquial speech; "so long" to the old, "hello" to the new. To reduce so complicated a tongue within the compass of forty-two letters, or rather characters, is a triumph indeed.

## The Paradox

### I.

WHEN I have gained the Hill  
Where beats the clear and rigid light of God  
Full on the path by fearless comrades trod;  
When I have tuned to theirs my will and word,  
And by my prompting voice their ranks are stirred  
To hail each height with "Higher! higher still!"  
That luring glow which from the Valley streams  
Warns me *I* am not what my spirit seems!

### II.

But when my life descends  
Into the Hollow, where no wild thoughts reach,  
And all that lawful yearning can beseech  
Sits at my hearth, or in my garden grows;  
When I need match no more with noble foes,  
Nor share the yoke with unrelenting friends,  
That strange veiled star which o'er the Hill-top beams  
Shows me *I* am not what my body dreams!

G. M. HORT.

---

## Politics and Pelf.

**A**FTER a long experience of politics, which—if they are clean—afford an honourable career to any man, we are able to offer to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill—for the latter of whom we have hardly ever had a good word to say—our cordial congratulations on their speeches in connection with the crisis in the East. Their utterances are worthy of Conservative statesmen of the most patriotic type—as indeed these statesmen, in reality, are. Their views are, of course, hateful to Sir John Brunner, Sir William Byles, and the rest of the proletariat of the Radical Party.

The only fault which can possibly be alleged against the wholesome members of the Government is that they have found salvation late in the day. For long—whilst they have not been guilty of the atrocities of the 1878 Bulgarian era—they have still clung to a pious belief in the greatest fraud of modern times—the European Concert—and the harmless, unnecessary Hague Convention.

The Ottoman Empire in Europe is to-day cursing Young Turks and their Committees, Cabinets, and kindred impostures; the day may come when the British Isles will join in the lament. You can't muddle through somehow always. Any commercial man will tell you any day that a business concern run on the lines of the hired assembly which sits at Westminster would be bankrupt in a week.

We are not in this article affecting a style, because we wish to be brusque and, if necessary, brutal in showing up shams and make-believes which are used to hoodwink a people who in their constant delusion think that they are governing themselves. Are they doing so? At the last general election and the preceding one, a quantity of gentlemen were elected who ranted and railed against the precise methods which their leaders are adopting, and which they support in the Government lobby. Only Sir John Brunner, who has done pretty well out of his workmen, protests. He is no longer a member of Parliament, and therefore his unsalaried tongue is loosed. Where is his army?

The story is told—it may be true, or it may be false—of a very celebrated actress who was performing in the provinces the part of Joan of Arc. After praying for guidance, which we believe the Radical Party never does, she summoned her Army on to the stage. Forthwith appeared two supers—one of whom was cross-eyed and club-footed—and the actress herself joined in the laughter. It was a poor show, we admit; but could Sir John Brunner muster even such an army as this?

In a review which we wrote a few weeks ago of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, we quoted the passage:—

So poverty exclaims—

"Look at the politicians; while my restraint they feel

The people and the State in them may safely put their trust,

But once enriched from public funds they show themselves unjust,

And plot against the masses and oppose the people's will."

The present Ministry and their followers are doing something of the sort. Elected as Radicals and Peace-at-any-price tabernacle spouters, they are showing themselves to be thorough-going Jingo, out-Heroding Herod. We commend their attitude most heartily. They show themselves to be worthy of the position in which they were placed by an enlightened electorate. But what about false pretences? Don't mention the hated words! Great is Diana of the Ephesians, and greater still is the worship of four hundred sovereigns per annum.

Sir Frederick Banbury has delivered a smashing blow against the edifice of racecourse tricks which the Cocoa Evangelists hoped they could practise with impunity, and the "higher and lower branches of the profession" in conference have evolved a scheme for reducing the House of Commons to a nullity. It has got to eat "umble pie," if not to sit in sackcloth, with ashes heaped on its head. We shall see.

The mother of Parliaments is, we think, in a parlous state, and, if her decline has been undignified, we can only hope that her sepulture will record virtues which existed—at least in imagination.

CECIL COWPER.

## The Work of Mr. Algernon Blackwood.

By H. BELLOC.

IT is not too early in the day to call attention to the particular position enjoyed by Mr. Algernon Blackwood among writers of English. His work is so much his own, it is so complete, it is so sincere, and it is so final that it deserves and will attain not only a high but a permanent place in English letters.

It happens not infrequently to-day with the curious—though happily waning—influence of daily-news-getting and news-reading that some writer is lifted altogether out of his due place too rapidly, and usually without sufficient judgment. He writes some one book, often his first; its subject as often as not is rather his claim to notoriety than his method; his grasp, his presentment are any title to fame. The process is familiar, and, by a metaphor drawn characteristically enough from the Stock Exchange, the result is known as a "boom." It is not universally true, of course, that reputations so made are valueless. The past, though less frequently than the present, gives us examples of artificial rumours of the kind, and in the present, as in the past, some few of them, though artificial in origin, prove themselves just in the long run. But it is generally to be observed that the reputation of a man whose art is at once novel and sober is a thing of reasonable growth. It can hardly of its nature be explosive. It must come and grow as natural things do, and if, as is the case with Mr. Blackwood, the work is, as it were, an outcrop of the man's own nature, then its advance into public recognition will necessarily be accompanied at first either by irritation or by neglect.

It has been Mr. Blackwood's singular good fortune never to provoke the first, but it is no injustice to him—rather the reverse—if we admit that for some years his really excellent management of his own subject has suffered a little from the second. It is time that this neglect, such as it is, should cease, and that we should appreciate how thorough and permanent an addition to the monuments of the language we are in process of receiving from his pen.

Mr. Blackwood has now to his account a number of books, all written within the framework of one large theme, and each of so singular a merit within that field that it is impossible to choose one volume before another, either as an illustration of his merit or as an illustration of his easy success.

That theme is what is generally and loosely called the Supernatural, and whether we look for it in that extraordinary first unique collection of stories which he called "The Empty House," in "The Listener," in "John Silence," in "Jimbo," in "The Education of Uncle Paul," in "The Human Chord," in "The Centaur," or in the last of his gifts to the public, "Pan's Garden"—wherever we see it treated, and from whatever side, we discover in the first sentences of our read-

ing that it is treated by a master. By this I do not only mean that it is treated by one who has profoundly felt the omnipresence of things commonly unseen—that would be no more than to say that Mr. Blackwood had been granted his material by nature—it would not account for his art. No nation more than this and no literature more than the English is in contact with such theses, unless we except the Western populations: those "children of the Night" in Ireland, in the Highlands, in Brittany, and in the Galician mountains, who seem to draw their violent perception of the spiritual from some Atlantic influence. At any rate, of the great European languages our own is specially rich in the sentiment of which I speak, and it would be no appreciation of Mr. Blackwood's work to say that it was nothing more than one unit in so lengthy a series. Mr. Blackwood's position, the very high position which he must necessarily occupy among our men of letters, will reside in a much rarer thing: the invaluable power of presenting to others the conviction of the life beneath all our externals. I say "the conviction," for the mainspring of this remarkable prose is faith. He takes for granted what he makes it his business to portray. It is clear that he has never doubted it at all, and that vivid spiritual experience, the reality of which in others many recognise, and for the possibility of which many more would argue, is to him as obviously true as the daily experience of the senses is obviously true to all of us.

But here again conviction alone, or rather an impossibility of doubting, would not be sufficient to account for what he has done. It is the ability to produce in others either a similar conviction, or, at any rate, a sharp comprehension of it, that is so astonishing and arresting a character in all that he writes.

Few of us but are familiar with the effect of spiritual horror which a good ghost story well told can produce. Much more rarely we discover the power to introduce that unexplored line of interior experience developed by a writer who deals not with the traditional and narrow material of the ghost story, but with the very nature of the soul in this respect and the general capacity of any human spirit to suffer the unnamed assault of darkness. Perhaps the best modern example of this is Mgr. Benson's "The Necromancers." But Mr. Blackwood can do this and much more. He can write and has written much the best ghost stories of our time. He can describe and has described that general spiritual peril or fascination which I have just mentioned. But he can also describe the spiritual mood of creation; the spiritual mood of recognition; the exaltations of the soul and the life of everything which is not man where it is happy, where it is triumphant, where it is merely *different* from us, where it is sorrowful; in so much, at least, as man can be by some development of spiritual power in touch with all those lives that are not his. Thus in "Pan's Garden" we have a whole series of such lives woven into men's lives; the life of the sea, of the snow, of the sand. In "The Centaur" it is mythology which becomes real; in "The Human

Chord" both the Word and Music; in "Jimbo" the atmosphere of childhood.

No one else, perhaps, has done this, and certainly to-day no one else can.

Though criticism is the duller and the least profitable of trades, curiosity impels one to discover, if it be possible, *how* such effects are produced, and the first and most convenient answer will, of course, be to say that the effect was due to "style." So it is. It is the choice of words and the order in which the author puts them which does what no one else could do. To analyse the style in detail, to take a passage from, say, that marvellous description of the haunted eyot in the Danube, under the high, clear wind and subject to the rising flood, would be to no purpose at all. What is magical in style escapes analysis. But one can at least, for one's own comfort and perhaps for the comfort of others, consider the chief character in any writer who has so perfectly achieved his end; and in the case of Mr. Blackwood this chief character is facile exactitude.

The power to find exactly what English word one needs in some particular connection, not only its sense but its sound, its ancient connotations and its exact place in the rhythm of the sentence, all making for one end, and that the end one desires, this is not a thing which any labour or choice could produce. Exactitude thus constantly and surely repeated, and never failing to hit the mark time after time, is the fruit of facility.

The word "facility" is used by tutors and such abusively. Yet it is the rarest of human gifts. It is the gift by which long flights of poetry are made possible, unbroken fugues of rhetoric, and a native lucidity in common expression. Newman had it without a doubt, and, in quite another sphere and used for totally different objects, Cobbett had it; Byron had it, and Dryden had it; on the other hand, Rossetti had it not.

There is an unmistakable difference between that art—and it is often of a very high character—which is the product of erasure perpetually exercised and of exception and of self-doubt, and that art which is the product either of a command over, or of a necessity for, expression. Now, when to the necessity for expression is joined an instinctive command of it, we have, in their various degrees, the kind of artists of which Mr. Blackwood is one, and in that school he stands very high indeed.

If I seek for a further thing to say in the contemplation of such work, I find little of equal importance, but I must, of course, note this: that it is work wholly devoid of superfluity.

Here, as in the case of facility, we are threatened by false values and the tedious repetitions of the schools. It is so taken for granted that mere brevity is the equivalent of terseness, that an excision of adjective and adverb is a sufficient rule of thumb for strong prose, that men often speak as though the absence of superfluity were a thing commonly to be attained, and following certain easy rules. It is nothing of the kind. It is both

rare and complex, and it is rare on account of its complexity. These are a few passages in Mr. Blackwood's work in which qualification is piled upon qualification; there are many in which long and intricate descriptions of a spiritual condition—especially of its advent and of the preparation of the soul for magic, for illusion, for vision or for fear—are drawn out to such a degree as lesser men would fear to admit. There is hardly one piece of work of his which is condensed. I can recollect no single sentence that could be called epigrammatic. But when I say that the work is singular for its total absence of superfluity, I mean that all that is necessary for the effect aimed at is present, and that nowhere will you find in it those floating pieces of disconnected matter which the reader's mind itches to reject as disturbing to the general concept it is in process of forming, or blurring to its distinctness of vision, or irritant to its acute and excited mood. It is not enough to say that in the crises of his stories Mr. Blackwood's outlines are as sharp as outline can be. One must also say that when he has to be long, or desires to be long, he can be long and is long without one word too many and without one word too little—that is the extraordinary thing.

But I will not linger upon the somewhat futile and always tedious task of analysis. It was rather my purpose in writing this to communicate to others both what I myself had so strongly enjoyed, and also what is of common interest to all of us: the presence, in the midst of our wretched turmoil and breaking up of creed, of a new but established name in English letters.

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## When the Boats came Back

By the late H. D. LOWRY.

THE little harbour called me. I was miles away in a small inland town, and though the stifling air might itself have suggested an escape to the sea, I had business to discharge, which made me repel the thought. It came again, and again I reflected on the foolishness of such an expedition on a day when I could not possibly reach the harbour before the hour of sunset. Nevertheless, I presently took the train, and, under the hour, was tramping over the reedy sandhills towards the harbour. To every boy who traversed those lonely dunes, they once teemed with possibilities of solitary adventure; now by the unkindness of fate, these same sandhills figure in advertisements as "the finest golf links in Cornwall." So I hurried until the path rose above the level of the towans and offered a wider view of the bay.

Sea and sky were wonderful to behold. Straight ahead the sun was a white rayless disk behind a grey smoke that rapidly became angry-looking cloud. Yet the long reaches of the bay's remoter side seemed to have sunlight upon them as they shone through the

blue haze, and between the two a line of greyness overhung the sea and drifted, a mist, over the horizon line. Already I could see the brown sails coming round the western point of the bay, and at first I was surprised, for to land fish on a Saturday night would be the merest waste of labour. There are limits also to the activity of people who have lately been selling fresh fish to the farmer for use as manure.

I walked on more quickly. On the high ground was hardly a spray of heather but showed signs of withering. It is the chief beauty of the plant that once you have it underfoot again, you are not greatly concerned to consider whether it be newly opened or at the point of death. Moreover, the autumn gorse was all aflame and seemed to retain its fierce vitality though every little bush was cumbered with that thread-like parasite the dodder. Once, too, when I had left the waste country I passed a field, hedged with piled granite, a field in which only poppies and yellow mustard and coarse white "cherry-pie" could make shift to grow.

Already I fancied I could hear unwonted noises. When I came to the summit of the last hill and looked down upon the harbour I was certain. Also there were many people on the pier and—besides those who moved—certain black masses which might have been groups of holiday folk. I thought for a moment they had brought an excursion steamer to this Arcady! But there was no sign of such in the little narrow streets. The men, and those who would soon be men, stood about in the accustomed groups, glad indeed to have their freedom and to have donned their holiday attire, yet seeming a little at a loss for occupation. The barbers were busy. The little round meat market in the centre of the town looked like a toy. I took a narrow passage which led down to the sandy beach. Everything was eloquent of the day. Damaged fish were scattered here and there at the tide mark, but the boats lay idle, or, where drawn up high and dry, afforded resting-places to the ancients of the quarter. I crossed to the back of the harbour, passed by the rough granite building which was once a saint's chapel and is now only a shelter, and so gained the pier.

I saw at once that something was in the air. The motionless black masses I had taken for groups of people were huge piles of nets, but a multitude of men, women and children stood about, and one or two pilchard boats had come down from Lelant to be in readiness for the drift fishery when it should begin. The interest of the assemblage, however, was centred on some yawl-rigged boats, carrying seven or eight men apiece. From these the nets had been landed, as well as the great coils of rope which lay along the harbour wall and the broad step below it. Linen kit-bags, pillows and food bags had been thrown on to the quay, the great boom hauled inboard and laid with the sails and the sweeps under the starboard bulwarks. These boats were among the first which had returned from the North Sea herring fishery, and they had been long away. The women in the crowd were few; one imagined them busy with culinary matters at home.

One very pretty girl walked with a youth at her side. There was something a little odd in their demeanour, a something which was presently explained by a cry from one of the boats. "Go it, Jim," said the voice, "do the best you can. You won't have much chance when Willie do come back." Evidently the swain was second string!

By this time it was grown late. Above the harbour hung a glow of dusky gold, and the clouds had broken up. I mounted the sea wall. At the extremity of the bay the revolving light shone on Godrevy. Between the flashes you could dimly see the white tower of the lighthouse. Inside of this was the vague line of low sandhills, and below them the white beaches glimmered faintly. A round moon was rising, golden at its upper edge, but mostly of an opaline pink in the blue haze. To right and left two boats were approaching the harbour. There was hardly a breath of wind. The dark sails swayed from side to side, and even to me, a mere spectator, it appeared that the boats would never get in. In one they were working the sweeps and that vessel swayed from side to side even more foolishly than the other. At length some men went out in a long white gig and gave the big boats a tow. They had hardly reached the pier head before I heard mention of a name already familiar. "Yes, Willie. You can go ashore at once," and a young fisherman clambered into the gig and so up the slippery steps to the quay. He looked about him and then disappeared.

The boats drew in, their nets were landed, the booms slowly and laboriously drawn inboard and made safe with the sails under the canvas covering. And gradually night settled down upon the harbour. Before I left on either side of it the lights were lit. At the back an old gentleman in a silk hat was giving a temperance address in the customary form of a reported dialogue between two quite impossibly idiotic persons. There was a Salvation Army service, disregarded like the address. The streets were still more crowded and now they were positively doing business in the toy meat market. I gained the station and took my place in the train. The harbour was out of sight but below me a quiet and lonely beach stretched to a low black point and above high-water mark a crowd of superannuated pilchard boats lay deserted. The moon had risen beyond the haze and taken its proper hue of gold, and the sea looked infinite.

### The Viceroy's of Ireland\*

THE deplorable ignorance of Irish history even amongst well-informed persons cannot be better illustrated than by the appearance of such a book as Mr. O'Mahony's. It gives a true and even valuable account of the Irish viceroys of the nineteenth century, which indeed we may

\* *The Viceroy's of Ireland.* By CHARLES O'MAHONY. (John Long. 16s. net.)

conjecture is the reason for the existence of the book; but while the story of the Plantagenet rulers of Ireland has a certain grotesque resemblance to the truth—the author had Gilbert's generally trustworthy account before him—that of the Tudor and Stuart rulers contains hardly a single accurate statement of date or fact, and that of the early Hanoverian viceroys seems to be gleaned from a cursory study of the less trustworthy eighteenth-century pamphlet literature. When we add to these remarks that the author nowhere explains the exact position of the persons he calls "viceroys," a title unknown to English or Irish law, and gives no account of the governmental machinery of Ireland, we shall have enabled our readers to form a just idea of the value of the work, which is, however, illustrated by a good number of portraits.

The relations between the English government and that of Ireland have been conditioned, between the Conquest and the age of steam, by the fact that while a message might cross the Irish Channel in a few hours, it might, on the other hand, be delayed for weeks or even months, and accordingly, that a great amount of power must be left in the hands of the Irish executive. It thus fell out that within a few years of its conquest Ireland was constituted an appanage of the Crown, and handed over to John (1177) as *Dominus Hibernie*, Lord of Ireland. When John came to the throne in 1199 he retained the title, and it was not till 1254 that Ireland was again taken out of the direct control of the Crown, Edward, afterwards Edward I, being appointed Lord of Ireland in that year. On the death of Henry III the title again fell into the Crown, and our English kings remain Lords of Ireland till Henry VIII in 1542 assumed the title of King of Ireland.

The chief governor of Ireland was, for the first two centuries of English rule, called the Justiciar when he was formally appointed by the King, and Keeper of Ireland when he was elected by the Council to fill for the moment a sudden vacancy in the office. After the visits of Richard II. to Ireland the chief governor seems to have been for the first time entitled the *locum tenens* of the King, his lieutenant, while a governor elected to fill a sudden vacancy began to be called a Lord Justice. Occasionally, when the lieutenant was needed elsewhere by the Crown, a deputy was sent to fill his place. At the accession of the Tudors, therefore, three kinds of viceroys were known: Lord Lieutenants, Lord Deputies, and Lord Justices.

In Tudor and Stuart times the title of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was regarded as an honorary one, restricted to persons of the highest rank. The list of its holders includes Henry VII's uncle, Henry VIII when Duke of York, Sussex and Essex under Elizabeth, Strafford at the end of his career, and Ormonde. The actual government of the country was carried on by a Lord Deputy appointed by the Crown, or, in his absence, by Lord Justices nominated by the Crown and elected by the Council. The last Lord Deputy appointed was Lord Capell (1695-6); since his time the government has been carried on by Lord Lieutenants and Lord

Justices. No accurate and complete list of the chief governors of Ireland exists; one of the Tudor and Stuart governors may be found in the tables of "Tudor and Stuart Proclamations."

The viceroy of Ireland had not unlimited power. The settled policy of the government was to appoint to the post, whenever possible, great English nobles unconnected with Irish affairs. Their power was always exerted through and shared by the Privy Council of Ireland, and they were continually held in check by the Lord Chancellor, who had greater patronage and controlled a larger armed force than the viceroy, and was usually a member of one of the great Anglo-Irish families. The internal politics of Ireland were for centuries ranged round this opposition of Viceroy and Chancellor, in which the nominal ruler did not always carry his point.

It is to be hoped that the History of Mediæval Ireland, which is long overdue, will be written, when it comes, by someone free from sentiment and familiar with English law as with Irish chronicles. Under the early Plantagenets Ireland, like England, was a country in which two nations dwelt side by side, one of freemen living under the King's law, and the other of serfs or outlaws outside its jurisdiction living under local customs; the difference between the countries being that in Ireland the second nation had a language and a literature preserved to our times, while in England a literature of the serf did not exist. The efforts of the Edwardian lawyers were devoted in Ireland, as in England, to extending the royal jurisdiction and bringing as many as possible of the King's subjects under his protection, until their ends were thwarted by the Scottish invasion on the one hand, and by the great earls on the other. But the royal power, which had extended over the whole island directly or mediately, never shrank to the extent that is commonly supposed. It is true that at one time the King's writ did not run outside the pale, but it must be remembered that till the reign of Henry VIII the King's writ did not run in Cheshire or Lancashire or Durham, and for the same reason the great palatinate jurisdictions of Ulster, of the Butlers, and of the FitzGerald, had their own chanceries, and the royal writs passed through them. The authentic documents available for the writer of Irish mediæval history are few. Nearly all the ancient records of Ireland were burnt in 1302, and an enormous number of later ones were destroyed in Henry VII's time by O'Neill. All the records of the Privy Council were brought to England in Henry VIII's reign by Sir William FitzWilliams, and what fire spared of other and later records, neglect has done much to destroy. A great deal of early Irish history may be gleaned from English records, and something from the chronicles, but great gaps in our knowledge must always be left unfilled. It is to be hoped that some of the younger school of Irish writers will turn their attention to this almost unworked mine. What passes for Irish mediæval history at present is beneath contempt.

HISTORICUS.

## REVIEWS

## The Girlhood of Queen Victoria.

*The Girlhood of Queen Victoria.* A Selection from Her Majesty's Diaries between the years 1832 and 1840. Published by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by VISCOUNT ESHER, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. Two Vols. Illustrated. (John Murray. 36s. net.)

THESE journals do not, perhaps, throw fresh light on the history of the period, neither can they be said to possess great literary charm. It was meritorious to write a journal in those days, and little Princess Victoria chronicled her doings because it was considered the correct thing to do. We read them with delight, struck by their wealth of picturesque detail, and as page succeeds page we watch with ever-growing interest the child developing into a woman, and trace some of the potent influences that went to the making of England's greatest Queen. There is nothing of the protégée in these journals, nothing brilliant or exceptional; Princess Victoria was simply concerned with setting down a description of her everyday life in a homely and unassuming way, without analysis of character and certainly with no striving after effect. Her education can be summed up in the typically Victorian word "accomplishments." She did not possess "high intellectual curiosity or fantastic imagination." Her soundness of judgment depended upon receptive qualities rather than upon creative faculties. Those who watched over her youth were content to foster, not great learning, but good sense, "and to inculcate high standards of private and public virtue."

The journals begin in 1832, when Princess Victoria was thirteen years of age. We find, even in her early entries, a marked regard for detail; she is careful to note the exact time she wakes up, dresses, has breakfast, and goes to bed. But through all the precise detail the child peeps out in her early entries, and there is no hint that some day she will become a Queen. She writes: "I received from the mayor an oaken box with a silver top, and filled with the famous Shrewsbury cakes." Again: "When I came home, I first worked, and then we blew soap-bubbles." She revels in such adjectives as "beautiful," "wonderful," and, in order to give special emphasis to her most choice observations, she writes certain words in capital letters quite as frequently as Charles Reade did in his novels. After returning from Drury Lane at ten minutes past twelve, she writes: "I was VERY MUCH AMUSED;" we like this frank admission, for even young princesses, in common with little girls generally, look upon the early bedtime hour as an atrocious parental arrangement only amusing when violated. The Princess is, perhaps, most truly childlike in the descriptions of her dog Dash.

She writes: "I dressed DEAR SWEET LITTLE DASH for the second time after dinner in a scarlet jacket and blue trousers." On her sixteenth birthday she writes: "Dashy gave an ivory basket with barley-sugar and chocolate," and three years later that intense lover of animals described with pleasure the funny way young Prince Albert fondled her beloved dog.

In 1835 we find the Princess developing a critical faculty. Of a sermon by Mr. Pope she writes: "It was not one of his best sermons, and it was not to my liking." On perusing the journal of Mrs. Butler—the daughter of Charles Kemble—she expressed the opinion that the style and authoress were pert. Sound judgment, when we consider that the book in question was decidedly indiscreet. Lord Melbourne admitted that the Princess had read a great many dull books. It is amusing to observe that she did a portion of her reading, historical, biographical, and theological, while her hair was being dressed. Until the advent of Dickens's "Oliver Twist," it was not considered proper for young ladies to read novels.

On June 20, 1837, appears this momentous entry: "I was awoke at 6 o'clock by Mamma, who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were here, and wished to see me. I got out of bed and went into my sitting-room (only in my dressing-gown), and alone, and saw them. Lord Conyngham (the Lord Chamberlain) then acquainted me that my poor Uncle, the King, was no more, and had expired at 12 minutes p. 2 this morning, and consequently that I am Queen." How simply this memorable event has been recorded! "Alone" suggests a good deal to one who had been guarded night and day with loving care, to one who "had never been permitted to walk downstairs without someone holding her hand." And yet, when the great crisis came, the young Queen rose to the dignity and responsibility of her new position. She who had cried, "I want to be good," found in her queenship the will of God. Her Ministers marvelled at her self-possession; but they soon learnt that her sweet face and girlish figure concealed a strong, finely wrought character. The Monarchy had suffered many indignities in the immediate past, especially during the reign of George IV; but with the accession of Queen Victoria a new epoch began, and under her wise and beneficent rule Great Britain was destined to become a wide and mighty Empire. In looking back upon Victoria's glorious reign, we like to recall the generous words she wrote on her Coronation day: "I really cannot say *how* proud I feel to be Queen of *such* a Nation."

The most fascinating pages in these journals are devoted to a description of the Queen's intercourse with Lord Melbourne, and it is a frank and refreshing eulogy of one who was worthy of her whole-hearted praise. Lord Esher writes in his Introduction: "He was no longer young, but he was not old. His person was attractive. According to Leslie, no mean judge, his head was a truly noble one, and he was a fine specimen of manly beauty in the meridian of life. . . . His laugh was frequent, and the most joyous possible, his voice so deep and musical that to hear him say the most ordinary

thing was a pleasure, and his frankness, his freedom from affectation, and his peculiar humour rendered almost everything he said, however easy and natural, quite original."

Small wonder, then, that Lord Melbourne should have attracted the affectionate regard of a young and impressionable Queen. As Prime Minister he discussed the affairs of State with Her Majesty; explained difficult points with a patience that never failed him, and gave the gist of long and wordy dispatches with fatherly solicitude. How frequently she mentions this most estimable man, what he did, and particularly what he said, in her journals from 1837 until the day of her marriage! She found strength and inspiration in his very presence. Very often he must have relieved the tedium of Court life by becoming for the nonce Court Jester, or rather jester for the special benefit of the young Queen. Now Lord Melbourne is speaking disrespectfully about Dash's legs, and now the Queen is smilingly upbraiding her Minister for not going to church. Her Majesty thus records an amusing incident: "I couldn't get my gloves on, and Lord M. said, 'It's those consumed rings; I never could bear them.' I said I was fond of them, and that it improved an ugly hand. 'Makes it worse,' he replied; I said I didn't wear them of a morning. 'Much better,' he said, 'and if you didn't wear them, nobody else would.'"

Lord Melbourne must have laughed, perhaps with a tear in his eye, when the Queen asked him how she was to propose marriage to Prince Albert. The scene is thus quaintly described: "At about ½ p. 12 I sent for Albert; he came to the Closet where I was alone, and after a few minutes I said to him that I thought he must be aware *why* I wished them to come here, and that it would make me *too happy* if he would consent to what I wished (to marry me). We embraced each other, and he was *so* kind, *so* affectionate."

Greville writes of Lord Melbourne and the Queen: "I have no doubt that he is passionately fond of her, as he might be of his daughter if he had one, and the more because he is a man with a capacity for loving without having anything in the world to love." Greville, while paying a tribute to the Queen's First Minister, private secretary, and daily tutor, suggested that, with a change of Government, the dissolving of the relationship might be painful. When the parting came it was painful, but Lord Melbourne concealed his feelings. He rejoiced in the consummation of a pretty idyll. His one wish was for "the happiness and security of the young Queen," and that happiness and security she found in her union with Prince Albert. In 1839 she writes: "God knows *no Minister, no friend*, EVER possessed the confidence of the Crown so entirely as this truly excellent Lord Melbourne possesses mine." Three years later the Queen added this note: "I cannot forbear remarking what an artificial sort of happiness *mine* was *then*—kind and excellent as Lord M. is and was—and what a blessing it is I have now in my beloved husband *real* and solid happiness!"

## What the Judge Saw.

*What the Judge Saw.* By His Honour JUDGE PARRY. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE have in our time seen many volumes of legal jokes and dicta. Probably none of them, unless we except Mr. Justice Darling's *Scintillæ Juris*, is entirely satisfactory. Of course, not one of these books can be read with anything like commensurate enjoyment with Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors* and of the Chief Justices. The times are different. Where several volumes were formerly welcomed, a small book of this kind has now alone a chance of success. This is not the place to treat of the decay of literary taste. We hope we may on a future occasion deal further with this subject which we have already touched upon more than once.

The volume before us is in effect a trivial one, although it is quite readable in spare moments. Judge Parry does not claim to have partaken in any considerable degree of the reputation at the Bar which his father, Serjeant Parry, acquired for himself. Possibly Judge Parry was appointed to the County Court Bench somewhat too soon, because, as he says in a passage which we do not claim to quote quite accurately, the Bench is a position of isolation, whilst the advocate is daily brought in touch with personalities, both agreeable and instructive. There are many good stories of Sir Charles Russell, Gully, Aitken, and others whom Parry met on the Northern Circuit, but it must be confessed that the work as a whole is scrappy and without much literary merit. The chapter "That Reminds Me" is perhaps one of the weakest in the book, and was hardly worth the trouble of composition. The chapter on "Quarter Sessions," with which we are fairly conversant, is otherwise. We welcome the tribute to Justices' Justice, and we believe in the truth of the statement that "at the bottom of the heart of English folk there is a feeling of love for these old institutions, and after all—fair play to them—they work well, and make no more blunders in the administration of justice than any other courts, as the statistics of the Appeal Courts will testify." Judge Parry, it is true, a page later, quotes with apparent agreement Sam Weller's judgment that "there ain't a magistrate goin' as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people." We should not be surprised if Sam Weller's judgment were not to prove in future to be nearer the truth, having regard to the recent appointments made by Lord Haldane, than was true of the author's estimate of the occupants of the magisterial bench in older and more decent times.

As regards the Bar, we see no reason to dissent from the opinion expressed by a briefless cynic on the Northern Circuit, who was watching a third-rate encounter between barristers of different religions, and who said: "Parry, if I had my time over again, I should start the Bar as a Jew or a Roman Catholic." We certainly believe, as ourselves a disappointed cynic, that the two religions referred to know how to look after their own. Many other anecdotal passages could be quoted.

The main point which strikes one as of unusual interest is the pronounced liking of Judge Parry for the city of Manchester. We are quite aware of all the good people who pass their existence in that most dismal centre of the country, and it is apparent that the author's view of his surroundings was most favourably coloured by the cordial and genial friendships which he formed. The book is nicely printed, and got up in the usual style which we expect from the eminent firm who publish it.

## The Letters of Lady Lyttelton

*The Correspondence of Sarah Spencer Lady Lyttelton, 1787-1870.* Edited by her Great-Granddaughter the Hon. Mrs. HUGH WYNDHAM. With Portraits. (John Murray. 15s. net.)

WE have frequently been told that the art of letter-writing is either dead or dying out, and that the reason for this dire calamity is to be found in the high pressure of modern life. A time may come when we may even type a love-letter, or dictate it to a stenographer. It is certainly pathetic to think that the majority of people are content with hurried notes, and have a mania for the abominable postcard; but it will be still more sad when we cease to read the correspondence of our great letter-writers. Literature does not contain a more happy medium of expression than a really finely written letter. We might, perhaps, very reluctantly spare Lamb's essays, but we could never dispense with his inimitable letters, for it is by his letters that we have learnt to know and love him.

Lady Lyttelton's letters cannot be compared with those of Mme. de Sévigné, or Lady Dorothy Osborne, or Lady Mary Montagu, for they are lacking in the literary flavour. There was no need for the last-mentioned to write to one of her correspondents: "Pray, my dear, begin at the top, and read till you come to the bottom," for no one is likely to skip Lady Mary's delightful correspondence. If Lady Lyttelton's letters are not stamped with abiding literary merit, they are, nevertheless, full of charm. She had the power of loving intensely, and that power alone would be sufficient to make her letters attractive. Her love was fortunately combined with a keen sense of humour, sometimes expressed in an irresponsible vein. Like Miss Austen, she could describe the various foibles of those with whom she came in contact, but with a raciness that might have surprised, even shocked, the subtle author of "Pride and Prejudice." Now she is in a religious mood; now describing the scene at some assembly, masquerade, or dance; now laughing at certain young men who went about with straws in their mouths and delighted to imitate their coachmen; now poking gentle fun at the arrangement of her father's library, or expressing her opinion of Napoleon; now at pains to describe the latest fashion to some feminine correspondent; and now, in her most pleasing vein, writing to her favourite brother, Robert, and telling him how, to her shame, she let out the secret of a great

prize-fight. A change in the Ministry was not half so important as a change in the Spencer household when it necessitated a stranger dressing her hair. She frankly admits that she would rather dance a hornpipe on her head than faint in an assembly—an opinion diametrically opposed to that of Mrs. Bardell, who was willing to faint anywhere if there were a possibility of her falling upon a masculine arm.

After the marriage of Lady Sarah her letters deal largely with an account of her travels in Russia, Italy, and elsewhere. From Sweden she writes to her sister, Lady Georgiana: "Heaven bless you, my sweet dear Ginny! Why, to-morrow will be its birthday! And it will be nineteen. Well, I am sure I can't believe it. Well, God bless it, most seriously and earnestly do I pray, my dearest, slim, un-Swedish, kind-hearted sister-kin!"

The letters of 1830-1850 are of particular value, and will be generally regarded as the chief attraction of this volume. After the death of her husband, Lady Lyttelton was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria, and subsequently governess to the Queen's children. There was much that was stiff and dull about Court life, but Lady Lyttelton, thanks to her sense of humour, soon became accustomed to her new environment. She gives a most vivid account of her life at Windsor Castle, and is particularly happy in portraying the young Queen and the Prince Consort. With infinite delicacy, and yet with considerable enthusiasm, she writes of the happy married life of Queen Victoria: "We of the household staid in one room, while the Queen was with her family in another, and she staid long, and sang to them, and seemed quite snug." On one occasion Lady Lyttelton chanced to hear Prince Albert playing on his organ, and she was so struck by the music that she ventured to speak to him about it. "Oh, my organ!" the Prince replied—"a new possession of mine. I am so fond of the organ! It is the first of instruments—the only one for expressing one's feelings—and it teaches to play—for on the organ, a *mistake!* Oh, such a misery!" Lady Lyttelton has coined a new word—"wifeism." It exactly expresses those little but charming courtesies the Queen delighted to shower upon her husband. No matter how cold she might be, she must needs ask if the Prince would like another fire lighted before considering her own feelings in the matter. Victoria, in her domestic life, was wife, not Queen. In a hundred little ways she showed her dependence upon her husband in a manner that must have gratified one who was not understood, and therefore not appreciated, by a certain section of the British people. Lady Lyttelton writes:—

Prince Albert is now quite well. Last I saw of him was half an hour ago. On the Queen fidgeting after some book, and saying, "Where *can* it be? Does it belong to me?"—"Everything belongs to you," was her husband's answer, with a most graceful bow of real chivalry. "No, no, no!" she replied, very red, and more than half really angry.

How glad she would be to leave her throne for him, and "wash the feet of the servants of my Lord!"

We could quote much in a somewhat similar vein, and much, too, depicting scenes connected with the Royal nursery, but must be content with one more excerpt, in which Lady Lyttelton describes the Queen's birthday:—

All is very auspicious here on this fête. We had a pouring morning, but all is now fair and fresh again. Princessy *surtout*, she looks the image of May Day, dressed in a very fine muslin frock, embroidered in wreaths of lilies of the valley and rosebuds, with an apron of bright green silk, embroidered to match, presents from the Duchess of Kent. The Prince is beautiful, too, in his sky-blue velvet. The Queen looks all over happiness. Her birthday presents (from Prince Albert) were arranged under a bower of magnificent flowers erected in her breakfast room. Never were there such flowers I do think as in this garden. . . The chief present is a beautiful sketch by Landseer of the Princess Tiny (Princess Alice), in a cradle lately given, which belonged to the old Saxon house. The child lies most nestly and "comfy" in it asleep, watched over by Dadie, the black terrier, with an expression of fondness and watchfulness such as only Landseer can give. It was prepared in secret by Prince Albert, who looks very *rayonnant* to-day, and made his appearance at eight o'clock in the morning in the nursery, in a handsome, many-coloured dressing gown, to fetch the children to "Mama."

## The Cream of Parody

A Christmas Garland. By MAX BEERBOHM. (Wm. Heinemann, 5s. net.)

NONE but an abject misanthrope could resist "Max" when under the disguise of the court jester he proceeds to wield the lance of criticism. The bells jingle, there is a burst of laughter, and—the sharp thrust goes home; somebody of importance is unhorsed, with armour scattered and the real man showing for the merriment of the onlookers. As a rule, it is a kindly stroke, and no damage is done; occasionally, however, we feel a little sorry, as when in the present volume a parody of George Meredith's style is included; we wish that some heroes might be sacred from the jester—especially as he is the only one out of seventeen authors here presented who has passed beyond the reach of friend or foe.

In more than one of these sketches the question occurs as to what happens when parody becomes sheer correct imitation. If we have a few pages of Mr. Henry James so closely copied that we might be reading a passage from one of his books, where does the fun come in? Mr. Henry James has a style that is exceedingly easy to parody, and an under-current of charm that refuses to be parodied at all; hence we get the husk without the kernel, and, in spite of being vastly amused at the ingenuity of the mime, we feel rather that the

effort is frosty. We read these pages some years ago in the *Saturday Review*, and remember a similar sensation. More thorough enjoyment comes from reading the wicked imitation of Mr. A. C. Benson, in which comes the sharpest thrust of any:—

In boyhood he had felt always a little sad at the approach of autumn. The yellowing leaves of the lime trees, the creeper that flushed to so deep a crimson against the old grey walls, the chrysanthemums that shed so prodigally their petals on the smooth green lawn—all these things, beautiful and wonderful though they were, were somehow a little melancholy also, as being signs of the year's decay. Once, when he was fourteen or fifteen years old, he had overheard a friend of the family say to his father, "How the days are drawing in!"—a remark which set him thinking deeply, with an almost morbid abandonment to gloom, for quite a long time. He had not then grasped the truth that in exactly the proportion in which the days draw in they will, in the fullness of time, draw out. This was a lesson he mastered in later years. . . .

This is really fine; it is precisely the right touch of exaggeration which reduces a method to absurdity, and incidentally shows how very near to absurdity that method is in its usual form. There are many other parodies as good. Mr. Wells, in his enthusiasm for the renovation and spring-cleaning of humanity, is hit off neatly in "Perkins and Mankind"; Mr. Galsworthy's impressive manner is changed by an impish skill into an oppressive manner in a dialogue wherein a nut is cracked with a steam-hammer—otherwise, "the genius of infinity, dispassionate, inscrutable, grey," broods over the question of keeping or not keeping a canary. If we quote one sentence only from the essay "of Christmas," supposed to be written by Mr. Belloc, it will be enough to exhibit another conquest:—

There was a man came to an Inn by night, and after he had called three times they should open him the door—though why three times, and not three times three, nor thirty times thirty, which is the number of the little stone devils that make mows at St. Aloesius of Ladera over against the marshes Guela-Nuce to this day, nor three hundred times three hundred (which is a bestial number), nor three thousand times three-and-thirty, upon my soul I know not, and nor do you—when, then, this jolly fellow had three times cried out, shouted, yelled, holloa'd, loudly besought, caterwauled, brayed, sung out, and roared, he did by the same token set himself to beat, hammer, bang, pummel, and knock at the door.

The style of Mr. Arnold Bennett, of Mr. Hewlett, and of several other well-known men is pilloried; the least successful essays, in our opinion, are those on Shaw and the continuation of Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts." For the excruciating imitation of Kipling—duly embroidered and elaborated—we give hearty thanks; and from almost every page there is something worth quot-

ing. We must conclude by recommending this latest achievement of "Max"—for not all these sketches are reprints—to all our readers who want an hour's real fun mingled with some very keen-edged criticism.

## The Soul of a Tramp

*A Tramp's Sketches.* By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

THIS book is a record of a walk along the Caucasian and Crimean shores of the Black Sea and of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It differs markedly from most books of travel, however, in that the author is less concerned with the things seen along the line of route than with his own spiritual emotions and experiences. As he himself says, "It is not so much a book about Russia as about the tramp."

Mr. Graham is among those who find salvation by going out into the wilderness. He reminds one at times of Thoreau. There is the same impatience with the meaningless restraints of civilisation, the same wild, exuberant delight in the freedom of Nature. But whereas Thoreau's withdrawal from the world had bred in him a certain scorn of humanity, Mr. Graham is overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He finds friends everywhere—among the peasants of the Russian steppes, in Eastern monasteries or Turkish bazaars. Thoreau was, alike by conviction and temperament, a pagan. The tone and temper of Mr. Graham's book, on the other hand, are those of the Christian.

So one is not surprised at the note of blitheness that runs through these pages. Often footsore, the wanderer is never weary. The world is full of unexpected delights. There is the joy of the road, the feeling of exhilaration that comes upon a man as he shoulders his knapsack and sets forth bravely into the Unknown, and there are quiet resting-places at the journey's end. Sunrise and sunset, the sound of the sea, the music of birds, darkness, and the coming of dawn—these things become invested with a new meaning to the man who has gone out into the wilderness to find his soul.

He has time, too, to think—and to pray. And prayer, Mr. Graham would have us believe, has an added effectiveness when offered amidst the silences of Nature.

. . . Prayers (he writes) are strong out of doors, made in the presence of all the stars. One is compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. There is calm all around and in one's own heart. The mysterious beauty of the starry sky reflects itself in the soul, and across its mirror sails the pale moon. My own body becomes a cradle in which the little Christ Child sleeps. There are angels everywhere. I am in universal keeping, for the stars are all looking and pointing to me. Because of the little Child the shepherds near by hear heavenly harmony, and journeying through the night to the land of dreams come the three wonderful old kings with gifts.

To have read "A Tramp's Sketches" is to have been

lifted into a higher and rarer atmosphere. It is to have been made free, for a few hours at least, of the company of saints and heroes. This much we owe to Mr. Graham, who has added to English literature a book that, if we mistake not, is destined to endure.

## The Alien Immigrant

*The Promised Land.* By MARY ANTIN. Illustrated. (Wm. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

FROM whatever point of view one looks at this book, whether as a psychological study, or as a photographic account of home life in the Russian Pale of Settlement, as a description of the struggles and hopes of the Russo-Jewish immigrants in the ghettos of the American cities and as an illustration also of their life in those of this country; or if one looks with the eye of the hardened novel-reader, who seeks merely amusement, it stands forth as a book quite out of the ordinary. It is the autobiography of a Jewish girl, who, when the story ends, is still in her teens. Born in comfortable circumstances in Russia, she undergoes with her parents what is too often the common lot of the Russian Jew, who, in the land of his birth, has practically to purchase from the corrupt local officials the right to breathe, and even often then finds that the other party to the bargain repudiates this right. The story is a narrative of fact, and no melodramatic details have had to be invented to enhance its interest. The intensity of this interest does not suffer thereby, and if the bestial excesses of a pogrom do not obtrude themselves upon Miss Antin's scene the pogrom atmosphere is sufficiently produced by the shadow of the pall which is ever over the Jewish subjects of the Tsar; and the appeal is intensified by the echo of anti-Jewish excesses in other districts which now and then falls upon the reader's ears.

To those who desire to study the conditions which prevail among the Jews of Russia this book, in which sincerity marks every page, will prove a necessity. Equally indebted to it will be he to whom the conditions in the foreign quarters of the great cities, American and English, are a matter of study, for Miss Antin, by means of her rare gift of literary photography, is able to create in her reader's mind a picture of the conditions in which she and her family lived after their migration to Boston. So far for the social economists. And it may be said that no one can now find justification for an attempt to influence public opinion or action on the Aliens Question until he has made himself master of the book. Further, the reader's prejudices must indeed be hardened and impervious if no impression is made by the naive and convincing narrative, which renders English literature once more a debtor to the alien element in the nation.

The psychologist will delight in the self-analysis by a mind which, although a very young one, is far above the average. Not often is so interesting a personality as that of Miss Antin made available for public dissection; under her hands her life story takes the form of

a poem in which, as in the story of the Jewish race, pathos and humour are mingled, with the former greatly predominating. In fact, although the autobiography of one individual, this book may also be taken as the autobiography of Russian Jewry: many of the vicissitudes which befell the Antin family, both in Russia and America, are unfortunately only too common among the people to whom they belong. To illustrate the Russo-Jewish problem, one could quote page after page, and as a hint of what the book can teach on this subject we give the following passage, which, it should be remembered, is the record of a well-authenticated fact, but a fact unknown by those who experience a feeling of resentment when the Russo-Jewish immigrant crosses their path:—

Some of these soldiers of Nicholas, as they were called, were taken as little boys of seven or eight—snatched from their mothers' laps. They were carried to distant villages, where their friends could never trace them, and turned over to some dirty, brutal peasant, who used them like slaves and kept them with the pigs. No two were ever left together; and they were given false names, so that they were entirely cut off from their own world. And then the lonely child was turned over to the priests, and he was flogged and starved and terrified—a little helpless boy who cried for his mother; but still he refused to be baptised. The priests promised him good things to eat, and fine clothes, and freedom from labour; but the boy turned away, and said his prayers secretly—the Hebrew prayers. As he grew older, severer tortures were invented for him; still he refused baptism. By this time he had forgotten his mother's face, and of his prayers perhaps only the "Shema" remained in his memory; but he was a Jew, and nothing would make him change. After he entered the army, he was bribed with promises of promotions and honours. He remained a private, and endured the cruellest discipline. When he was discharged, at the age of forty, he was a broken man, without a home, without a clue to his origin, and he spent the rest of his life wandering among Jewish settlements, searching for his family; hiding the scars of torture under his rags, begging his way from door to door.

The practice thus described has been abandoned by the Russian authorities; the account is, therefore, now but a matter of history. The spirit of inhuman cruelty which inspired it is, however, still alive, and it is the manifestation of that spirit which shows itself to the peoples of the West in the persons of the broken, cringing Russian immigrants who seek refuge on their shores. If only the inhabitants of the lands of freedom could be made to know the conditions from which the refugees who seek their hospitality have fled, their judgment of these outwardly unattractive human jetsam and flotsam would be less severe. In future, before judging the alien, might not the Englishman stop for a moment to picture how he himself would appear if his life history had been that of the average Jew in the Russian Pale?

"The Promised Land" stands out as a book far be-

yond the ordinary, and one that gives every promise of permanent life. As a living book dealing with living issues, it will still be read and enjoyed when many of its contemporaries have been forgotten. So long as the problems with which it deals remain unsolved, it will remain a text-book which no thinking Englishman or American will be able to afford not to read. The book is a window to a new world—the soul of the alien immigrant.

## Shorter Reviews

*The Doctor and His Work, with a Hint of His Destiny and Ideals.* By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

DR. WHITBY'S book follows quite closely the lines one might expect from the title, and will prove interesting to both the lay and the medical reader, for whom it is clearly intended. An outline is given in the early part of the book of what course a student follows, of the relations between the general practitioner and the specialist, and between medicine and surgery, with an indication of how much they are both dependent on and independent of each other. The author speaks, too, of the trials and the triumphs of a doctor's life, of the many scientific advancements with which he must keep in touch, and of the necessity for him to do more than carry out text-book methods, which can be summed up by the saying:—"Treat the patient and not the disease." The important part of preventive medicine is insisted upon strongly, and, without doubt, quite rightly. Of course, all this information is collected from Dr. Whitby's own experience, and the only adverse criticism possible is that in places it is tinged with rather more pessimism than is warranted; this, however, is a small matter.

Later on Dr. Whitby shows what a large part the medical profession must play in the improvement of the race by introducing elimination of the unfit, by the improvement of unhealthy children, and the treatment of crime by methods that will tend to reduce it in some degree, by recognising it as a sign of mental instability. He is entirely right in saying that confinement in prison is more likely to confirm a criminal in law-breaking than to cure him of it, but there seems to be no real suggestion as to how this condition of affairs can be improved. He begins, apparently, with a strong conviction that the medical profession should be made to play a more important part in matters that are now chiefly the concern of the law and the Church; then, when he comes to methods, he seems to think that things if left to go on as they are will effect these changes without any forcing. He gives one the impression at first that he is going to advocate some drastic change, but one reaches the end of his book without finding any sign of it. It is not to be thought that we undervalue Dr. Whitby's work. This

would be wrong, for he has excellently described the path the medical profession is following, and probably most of what he hopes for will come to pass. His book, however, is a descriptive rather than a constructive work.

*Die Wirtschaftlichen Grundlagen des Modernen Kunstgewerbes in London.* By Dr. BRUNO RANECKER. (G. Himmer, Munich.)

DR. RANECKER had heard much of a great Renaissance in English Art. He has been over to London, looked in the shop windows, dined in the restaurants, "in die" man "eben geht," visited the Palace, His Majesty's, and the Museums, and he has gone away disappointed, or rather reassured in his Teutonic patriotism. And very soon he is asking why English industrial art is such a failure. The short interval that appears to elapse between the disillusionment and the question suggests to us the logical flaw that has been made most familiar by the example, "Have you left off beating your wife?" But we English are so accustomed to having our deficiencies pointed out and accounted for that every Nestor is sure of a welcome. Let us grant, then, that something is wrong with our art—it could hardly be otherwise, seeing that error is part of the connotation of humanity. Our art is being killed by commerce, though our snobbery is acting as an artificial stimulus to procure it a few more precarious days. An élite learnt art some time ago, and has been since communicating it to ever-narrowing circles. Without is barbarism. All this is perfectly true, but when and where was it not true? "There never was an art-loving nation"—Whistler was sometimes right. Dr. Ranecker is on newer ground when he suggests that the theorists of High Art have exerted a disastrous influence on general practice. William Morris and the founders of the "Arts and Crafts" were too *doctrinaire*; the antithesis between hand-work and machinery has been exaggerated into an absurdity, and the decadence of English decorative art, if it be a fact, may certainly be traced to a "Mangel der Anpassung der kunstgewerblichen Erziehungsmethoden an die Produktionsformen der Neuzeit." The same circumstance explains the anarchical position, in regard to economical laws, of the workmen. As Dr. Ranecker very properly observes, "Wer Kunst will, hat die Pflicht, sich um den Künstler umzusehen." Adaptation is the law of development, and this thesis may have a beneficial effect by insisting that forces are not to be despised simply because they are new.

*Marius, Saturninus und Glaucia: Beiträge zur Geschichte der Jahre 106-100 v. Chr.* By Dr. FREDERICK WALTER ROBINSON, M.A. (A. Marcus and E. Webers, Bonn.)

THERE is not very much in the way of conclusion to this interesting study. The legend of the two sinister demagogues and the ambitious and gullible general is put on its trial and is discharged with hardly a stain on

its character. The impression we had received at school is in the main a true one. Mommsen remains the man he was. In one or two details only we may have been misinformed: the respective rôles of Saturninus and Glaucia perhaps need reconsideration. Dr. Robinson thinks that the latter was "der erste, der im antisensorischen Sinn politisch tätig war, woraufhin Saturninus sich ihm anschloss." The equivocal part played by the Equites is made a little more intelligible than before—"von den Gewalttätigkeiten der Volksführer wollten die Ritter nichts wissen." The whole story is of permanent interest; it is as good an example as we could wish to find of demagogy in a vacuum. The French Revolutionists were not so far wrong in working from classical parallels; political sums are easier to work out when the big factors due to modernity are eliminated. And, apart from more general political considerations, the subject is interesting as exemplifying the recurring problem of the soldier in politics. Dr. Robinson has written some pages about Marius as politician that might, *mutatis mutandis*, stand for many a modern warrior who has suffered shipwreck on the rocks of administration. We are even reminded of Napoleon—"der Glaube an seinen stern" on the one hand, and sudden flaws in the resolution, like that of Brumaire on the other. "Gesunder Menschenverstand . . . im Reden eine gewisse Schlagfertigkeit und würdige Ausdrucksweise," keep us still near to Napoleon; other qualities suggest more general application—"ein Misstrauen in sich selbst"—"die lange Ausübung eines absoluten Regiments hatte sein Verständnis für die verfassungsmässigen und üblichen Formen der inneren Politik, wie auch seine Geduld, nicht vermehrt." The catastrophe of the fall of Saturninus, connected with Cicero by the "pro Rabirio," is handled, for a work of this scope, almost dramatically. The jejune sources are well analysed; they are more fruitful and consistent than might be supposed. Even Appian the word-painter is not without his uses.

*South America: Observations and Impressions.* By the RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE. With Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

WHEN a British Ambassador to the United States writes his impressions of South America we are justified in expecting a book worth the reading; but when this Ambassador bears a scholarly and literary reputation, such as that of Mr. Bryce, we anticipate something quite notable from his pages. We have, moreover, no reason to feel disappointed in these expectations. Concerning South America Mr. Bryce does not profess any important degree of local experience. This work is the result of four months' travel: not too liberal a period for the inspection of a continent such as that which lies to the South of the Isthmus of Panama. But these four months of travel have been supplemented by a study of South American affairs sufficiently deep to render in one sense the actual journal merely complementary to the research involved. As might have been anticipated, the

result is displayed in an exceptionally well-balanced set of views. Mr. Bryce is little concerned with judgments here. These, in his opinion, do not come within the province of the passing traveller, and his continuance in this respect might well be imitated by many lesser authors.

The main portion of "South America" is devoted to the places and incidents along the route from Panama southwards along the Pacific coast, taking in the coasts of Peru and Chile and the inland Republic of Bolivia. After this we are taken northward along the Atlantic seaboard by way of Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil. To one who possesses some knowledge of these countries the accuracy of the observations is as remarkable as the selection of salient features. Perhaps some of the most interesting chapters in the book are those at the end of the volume on "The Rise of New Nations," "Relations of Races in South America," "The Two Americas," "Political Conditions," and "Some Reflections and Forecasts." The author has full scope for lucid reasoning here, and his ideas concerning the blending of the white and of the aboriginal races, and of the future of the various Republics are of peculiar interest. It is undoubtedly the absence of a racial question in countries such as Brazil and Paraguay which affords one of the greatest fields for speculation concerning the future. Mr. Bryce's unbiased reflections on topics such as these cannot fail to render immense services to all students of South American affairs. As to the volume itself, there is no doubt that this valuable work must appeal to a very large and general public.

*The Favourites of Louis XIV.* By LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

READERS of "The Favourites of Henri of Navarre" will gladly welcome this companion volume. The Court of the "Grand Monarque" offers a wide field for gossip, and "Le Petit Homme Rouge" avails himself to the utmost of the materials placed at his disposal. It is a sordid picture, though its accuracy is placed beyond all possibility of dispute. In the matter of morality, kings are conceded a licence which is refused to their subjects, but the gallantries of Louis XIV were the scandal of a shameless age. A physical degenerate—the catalogue of his complaints makes reading more instructive than edifying—the King figures in these pages as something not far removed from a moral imbecile. With unflinching tact and discretion, "Le Petit Homme Rouge" conducts us through the whole of the sorry business. La Vallière is succeeded by Montespan, and there is a plenitude of subsidiary episodes. The abandoned cynicism that characterised French society of the seventeenth century is portrayed with an unerring fidelity. Even the Church was tainted with it, though one recalls with gratitude the courageous protest of the Archbishop of Sens. Louis receiving Holy Communion with his mistress; Louis turning from Louise de la Vallière—who was, after all, the only woman who ever appears to have loved him

disinterestedly—to the calculated embraces of Montespan: these are pictures from the contemplation of which one gladly turns to themes more wholesome.

But the study has a distinct historic value. In the introduction to this book "Le Petit Homme Rouge" maintains that, "although the Salic Law has debarred women from reigning in France, they have there wielded, directly or indirectly, more real influence than in any other country." He finds no difficulty in proving his thesis. The causes that contributed to the rise of the French Revolution have been variously defined, and the subject is one that is still constantly engaging the attention of the historian. One of them, at least, may be found in the Court of Louis XIV. "Le Petit Homme Rouge" is to be congratulated alike on the industry and research that have gone to the making of this volume, and on the candour with which an important phase of French history is here presented.

*Spes Vitæ, and Other Poems.* By ROBERT CALIGNOC. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.)

IN January, last year, a little volume of poems entitled "Love's Protest" fell into our hands, and we expressed the opinion that any future work of Mr. Calignoc must receive the consideration due to a careful and capable artist. This new book by the same author is bound to win the approval of the critical reader. The opening poem of thirty pages, "Spes Vitæ," is a romance in blank verse, with the mysticism of the Celtic temperament for its dominant theme, and there are passages in it which reach a high level of accomplishment, in spite of an occasional slip into an awkward measure, such as the line, "But the keen spark snapped, and the lightning sang," which mars the effect of an excellent page:—

... The Saxon bloods rolls on  
Like an old van; his, whom we call the Celt,  
Surges in crimson foam, while tragic-wise  
He chides his lingering stars, cries out on Fate,  
And rattles at the Moon. In Heaven and Earth  
Two never were more sundered.

From the second half of the book, containing verse on various themes, the following sonnet, "Lux Amoris," stands out remarkably:—

Come, Love, and solve me with thy subtle sight  
Those darker secrets which infest the mind,  
That Cynic men no more may justly write,  
Perusing thy fair face, that Love is blind.  
Illumine with thy penetrating ray  
The dusty chambers of the intellect,  
And, viewing her disused mansions, say  
What's sound or rotten, well or ill bedecked.  
To thy o'ershadowing purposes we look;  
The thread that binds us to thee none can sever;  
Thou art the Heart of Life; from thee we took  
Our primal source, towards thee we're moving ever.  
O Love, the mind is to thy service plighted!  
If thou be wronged, how can she e'er be righted?

This sonnet has a genuine Elizabethan ring, and,

being thought out instead of merely imitated, carries conviction. Many readers will prefer this section, with its lyrics and sonnets, to the lengthier title-poem; for ourselves, we have taken considerable pleasure in both parts, and can recommend the little book as one that stands a good deal higher in literary value and technique than some of the much-belauded work issued under names that are better known.

*Algiers, The Sahara, and The Nile.* By RACHEL HUMPHREYS. Illustrated. (Ham-Smith. 5s. net.)

HAVING read this book quite carefully, we are at a loss to account for the fact of its publication. The writer visited Algiers, and went down into the Sahara as far as Biskra, whence we get references to "The Garden of Allah" and "Hichen," by whom, we presume, the author intends "Hichens"—at least, that is what we have always heard him called. The camel is designated "The Ship of the Desert," and there are some grammatical tangles in which singular and plural quarrel with each other to an almost unbelievable extent. The following two sentences concerning Algerian women will serve as sufficient example: "She is evidently a toy to the rich and a beast of burden to the poor. They are simply bought in marriage; the man never sees the face of the bride till the wedding day." Again we find "these sort of things" and other crudities, which, even if the book were above the average, would mar its effect.

The book, however, is below the average rather than above, for it is a mere list of things seen on two ordinary tourist trips, one to Algiers and one to the Nile. There are two ways of making these lists, and the author has chosen the wrong way, for there is no colour in the book, no special point of view to make the narrative interesting, nor any one thing to lift it above commonplace tourist level, while the photographs which accompany the letterpress are sometimes bad, and sometimes very bad. Bearing in mind "Hither and Thither," which Mr. W. J. Ham-Smith published a short time ago, and remembering the very high level maintained throughout that work, we are rather surprised at such a book as this, in which no one page bears evidence of originality or of thought whose expression would benefit readers.

## Fiction

*The Streets of Ascalon.* By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. (Appleton and Co. 6s.)

THE trouble with Strelsa Leeds, widowed after two years of hateful married life, and beginning the world again after two more years of retirement, was that she tried to consider herself as other than physical, rejected love's material side. In this frame of mind she cannoned against Rix Quarren, an idler, who stiffens into a man through his love for the platonic-minded young widow.

Enough of her past is shown to enable us to understand her view that platonic friendship is the highest form of affection, but at times we feel inclined to shake her and demand that she shall be reasonable, just as Quarren must have felt.

How these two settled their lives, the reader of the book must find out for himself, and it will prove a pleasant search. There are a host of other characters in whom we feel more than passing interest; the "belted earl" with his taste for vaudeville; the author who believes in himself and his mission, and who is not a little disgusted when a book of his turns into a "best seller" because it happens to contain a good story as well as a moral; the villain of the piece, who meets with just retribution in a scene which once again proves Mr. Chambers' capacity for grim, strong writing, as well as for brilliant dialogue and luminous descriptive work. And there are two or three little love stories in the book—a captious critic might complain that there are too many of them—with which we cannot do other than sympathise. Mr. Chambers, though he writes of the very highest of New York society, gives us neither heroes nor heroines, but just a dozen or so of faulty people like ourselves. Their reality disarms criticism—here are real people, real passions, and consequently real romance.

*Bachelors' Buttons.* By EDWARD BURKE. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

THE format of this book reminds us of a certain old firm, long and justly celebrated for the production of works artistic in type and appearance. The matter, we must own, is scarcely up to the same level, for, witty and amusing though it is, the shy bachelor is a trifle overdrawn. We find it hardly possible to believe that a man of forty should be such an innocent, to put it frankly, and this to a certain extent mars our enjoyment of the little slips he makes, previous to exchanging bachelors' buttons for wedded bliss. We confess, however, that it is excellent fooling, and certain remarks here and there strike us as perfect gems. For instance, the old gardener: "I've alluys intended to remain a bachelor, D.V.—or *not!*" Things of this kind are plentiful, and add to the joy of the book; but while granting that the shyness of the bachelor hero might lead him into some of the errors set down here, we cannot help wishing that he were not quite such a fool. This over-drawing does not apply to the other characters, for they are excellent representations. "Pansy" is simply delightful as the managing sister-in-law, who, now that Edward has come into a fortune, would fain superintend his household for him, and arrange for everything, with the exception of his own comfort. On nearing the end of the book, we decline to believe that our bachelor is deficient in courage so far as facing the other sex is concerned, for he married a woman named Sophonisba. And surely no greater proof of courage than that could be required of any man.

*Faustula.* By JOHN AYS COUGH. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THERE is a certain similarity between this book and "Quo Vadis," although the author treats not of the time of Nero, but of the brief period of persecution to which Christians were subjected in the time of the Emperor Julian. And, whereas he slurs over the unpleasant details of his theme, the great Pole did not scruple to give us all the picture. We feel that the *motif* of this book is the persecution to which Faustula is subjected, and yet two-thirds of it are taken up in telling how Faustula arrived at years of discretion as a vestal virgin. There appears to be much preparation—or rather introduction—and very little story. We must confess that our sympathies for the most part lie with Faustulus, the heroine's pagan father. Faustula herself is rather pale and ineffectual, and the book ends with an anti-climax which neutralises its power to a certain extent. At the same time the author strikes a note of true pathos at intervals; we wish those intervals were not so far apart. As an historic study, the book is quite interesting, for the most minute details of Roman life are punctiliously correct, and the descriptions of scenery are attractive. Mr. Ayscough writes, however, not as a Latin viewing his own country, but as one who views Rome and the Sabine hills from afar. We feel that the scenes are foreign to him, that he has failed to enter entirely into the spirit of his work, and that he tells his story rather as a dispassionate historian than as a novelist to whom his characters are real and living.

*The Clay's Revenge.* By HELEN GEORGE. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

THE publishers announce on the wrapper of this book that the story is "undoubtedly painful in the ruthlessness of its analysis," and we hasten to agree with them. As for "the fateful march of its plot," to which they also refer, we are not quite so sure about this. The story is that of Bertha Hammersley, who, having married a man who loved her with his brain—one whose face the author describes as delicate and classical—finds after a time that the clay in her asserts itself. The man through whom this assertion becomes evident is a mere brute, one to whom Bertha appeals physically, and who seems capable of response to no other than physical appeal. She, in her turn, cares little for him. It is the clay that drives her, the instinct which lies dormant in many women far too long, thus rendering possible such marriages as that which Bertha made. Throughout the book our sympathies are with the woman. Neither of the two men attracts us in the least—perhaps they were not meant to do this. "The Clay's Revenge" is, in fact, an artistically ugly production, a book which convinces while it repels. At the same time it is no mere piece of sensationalism, but a story that conceals a fine lesson.

## The Theatre

### "Officer 666" at the Globe Theatre

IF the general public likes to be amused without bothering itself about anything in particular, except sheer enjoyment, Mr. Augustin MacHugh's melodramatic farce will have a victorious career. For nothing quite so brisk and amusing has been imported from America—with the very bloom of New York still fresh upon it—for many a long year. Mr. Wallace Eddinger is a delightful young millionaire, Travers Gladwin, who returns to his home just in time to try and prevent his extraordinary collection of pictures being stolen from his fine house in Upper Fifth Avenue. These pictures, by the way, seem to be the only thing in the play lacking in the right touch of melodramatic farce. They are too bad to be a satire, and, besides, all the American millionaires I have known understand all about pictures and the other arts, and would never be taken in by such a quaint array of quite impossible copies. But, no matter, Mr. Gladwin believes in them, and the most agreeable thief of the modern stage, Alfred Wilson, played with a fine spirit of elegant convention by Mr. John Milner, likes some of them, and determines to cut them from their frames.

For this purpose he poses as Gladwin, and is duly confronted by the real person of that name. Incidentally, the sham Gladwin wishes to marry, secretly, of course, the most beautiful girl in the world, Helen Burton, made delightful by Miss Viva Birkett. This lady has been seen and loved at sight—one cannot doubt that for a moment—by the real Gladwin, and thus the affair of the pictures and the lovely lady begins. Everyone will go and see "Officer 666," so will know all the spirited complications that grow quite naturally out of the affair. The audiences will be immensely diverted by the new sort of cheeriness of Mr. Eddinger, the skill of Mr. Sam Sothorn as the millionaire's friend—an Englishman with a slight Cockney note in his voice so as to convince the Americans—and with the humour of Mr. Dan'l Moyles, who as "Officer Phelan 666" lends his uniform to both the real and the pseudo Gladwin, with highly amusing results. Miss Birkett, as the beloved of everyone, is worthy of great admiration, and is cleverly supported by Miss Helen Ferrers and Miss Enid Leslie.

Among many other new ideas Mr. MacHugh gives us a strange Japanese servant and a crowd of little tricks and happy turns which keep the play lively from the starting gate to the winning post. In fact, the thing is as swift as a good race at Newmarket, and as invigorating and entertaining. Like the French maid in Mr. Max Beerbohm's latest novel, the author appears to be one of those who are born to make chaos cosmic. For from the wildest melodrama and the most impossible farce he evolves some hours of charming fun. Some people may remember the sort of revolutionary effect that the coming of "The Belle of New York" wrought upon musical comedy.

I have no doubt that Mr. Winchell Smith's production of "Officer 666" will have much the same result upon our farces, and that we shall be as grateful to him later on as we are delighted by his neatness, care, and speed at the present time.

### "A Venetian Night" at the Palace

As advertisement agents, the censorate which now reigns would appear to be, in value, above rubies. The booking for the first night of Mr. Carl Vollmöller's wordless play was immense; the fine house was packed in every part. And this Venetian night's entertainment deserved a good audience, for it is curious, interesting, and sometimes the episodes are exhilarating, and often *macabre* after the fashion of the late seventeenth century in Italy. The story is one of the most lucid we have seen in wordless play or pantomime. Miss Maria Carmi appears as an exquisite young marquise who comes as a bride to an old-fashioned hotel with her elderly, unattractive groom, Mr. Klein. It is the year 1860 when the Austrians occupied Venice. She has a lover in a splendid Austrian officer, Mr. Hans Felix. On the evening of her wedding she wants to hint to him that her marriage is a business arrangement of her excellent parents. At the moment when she leaves her wedding party and proposes to see her lover on the bridge of a canal, a Young Stranger, Mr. Biensfeldt, sees and of course loves her—for is she not Miss Carmi in the most delightful 1860 frock? The Stranger thinks the flower she lets fall is for him; it is really for the lover. After this the episodes are of a wild and passionate dream in which the Young Stranger and the other characters do many weird and exciting nightmarish actions, and during which Miss Carmi acts with superb elegance, power, and skill. After adventures of the maddest kind—in which a revolving stage is of great value, the Stranger awakens to find that the bridegroom who, alas! has been drinking, has fallen heavily across his bed. The rest is simple. Everyone is awake. It *was* a dream. And yet when the gondola puts out from the hotel the Austrian lover sits very closely to the bride; the groom has to pay a very long bill, and the Stranger who watches from the bridge knows that the flower was not for him and gently drops it on the passing boat. Apart from this little story there is an immense amount of pantomime fun in "A Venetian Night."

People in all sorts of gay costumes dance many lively dances, and are smacked and dragged and pushed about to very festive music written by Mr. Friedrich Bermann. All this is, in a way, in the picture, and is made entertaining by the beggar boy who, I presume, is the Pipistrello of Mr. Ernsh Matray. After these thirteen merry, tragic, dramatic and knockabout episodes one is left wondering what it was the censor censured. Really the management ought to ask us to a *répétition générale* now and then. But why Prof. Max Reinhardt in such enormous letters? Any clever stage manager

could produce these admirable effects without overworking himself.

### "A Penny Bunch" at the Vaudeville

THE astute reader, as Mr. Neil Lyons calls one, is, no doubt, familiar with that writer's studies of town and country life; therefore he will the more greatly enjoy this excellent little play, which is founded on an interlude in his recent book, "Clara," and which, I think, I have also read in some other publication. On the stage, in the hands of Miss Esmé Hubbard, Mr. Eliot Makeham, and Miss Lilian Mason, "A Penny Bunch" retains much of the vivid charm and the queer picturesque realism of the story. Mr. Henry Seton aids Mr. Lyons in the dramatisation of the episode, which tells how Poppy, who sells violets, and her elderly friend, Miss Moon, who deals in flowers suitable for the 'ome, are both interested in Mr. Alf Beeny—in different ways—and how Miss Moon helps the lovers to get over the little difficulty of telling one another that each in their time has been "in trouble." The charm of the play, as of the written story, lies in the humorous, sympathetic, understanding attitude of the author. But Miss Hubbard makes Poppy even more real and amusing than she appears in the book, and thus a most attractive prelude is provided for the entertaining adaptation of "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans." We hope that the authors may allow us to see many other of the episodes from "Arthur's" and "Clara" on the stage.

EGAN MEW.

### Exhibitions at the Grosvenor and Leicester Galleries

NEAR the site of the famous old Grosvenor Gallery, and named after it, fine spacious new galleries have recently been opened, at which the inaugural exhibition of modern pictures is now being held. The catalogue states that "there has been no attempt to make the exhibition anything but representative of the seasonal output of acknowledged and rising artists of this country," and though the result is not very striking as a whole, the exhibition contains, in addition to the one room devoted to the work of Walter Greaves, a number of interesting paintings. These may be seen under most satisfactory conditions, as the catalogue states, especially in the matter of lighting, which is, of course, the chief problem of a picture gallery. The subdued splendour of the decorations, however, does not recommend itself to us as a setting for such work as, for instance, that of Mr. Greaves, and one is tempted to wonder whether it may have been a previous sight of the "conditions" which tempted Mr. Lavery to give, as he does in the catalogue, the names of the six titled ladies to be seen bathing in his "Venice," some of whom appear as mere specks of colour in the distance! This picture and "The Beach, Tangier," are, however, much more interesting than the "Portrait of an

Officer" by the same painter. One of the best paintings in this room is a lovely "Evening at Benares," by Mr. W. Rothenstein, seen with a haze hanging over the water, and conveying a remarkable impression of stillness, not wholly dependent upon the stiff uprightness of the figures with their orange and green and red clothes. Not far from this picture is a beautiful portrait—presumably it is a portrait—"Girl in Spotted Frock," by Miss Edyth S. Rackham. It represents a girl in a simple Victorian dress, against a dark background, her head bent forward and her arms folded, intent and serious and full of expression. There is also a lovely little grey, blue, and white study of a lane, "Little Rissington," by Mr. C. J. Holmes, in this room, next to which are some of Mr. S. J. Peploe's brilliant "Tulips." There is work here, too, by Mr. Chowne, Mr. Von Glehn, Mr. Greiffenhagen, two clever pictures by Mr. Philip Connard, and a portrait of Mr. Shannon by himself.

In the Long Gallery, the chief thing is Mr. Orpen's "Blue Hat," a picture full of such beauty as the mention of this painter's name must bring to mind. It is a half-length of a girl with a laughing face and a bit of blue in her hat. A large canvas, "The Celestial Globe," by Mr. W. Strang, hangs at the bottom of the room, and dominates the gallery on account of its size and individuality. It combines pattern with a sort of realism, and is much more attractive than the "Portrait Group" by the same painter, which is commonplace and lacks the decorative quality of the other, and of "The Laughing Girl" and "The Flower." Near Mr. Strang's work, and contrasting strangely with it, is "An Abbé," by Mr. Frank Craig, which in feeling and treatment might have belonged to another age; but it is very good. This and the small gallery also include work by Mr. Harrington Mann, Mr. Buxton Knight, Mr. T. Austen Brown, Mr. Anning Bell, and others, among them being a certain number of water-colours. There is also Mr. Rothenstein's "Romance," a delightful and fantastic thing, which, like Mr. Cayley Robinson's beautiful "Jeu d'enfant" in tempera, and some others, has been previously exhibited. Lastly, there have been added, in a separate small room, Mr. A. Rothenstein's designs for the costumes in "A Winter's Tale," about which much has already been written. They are delightful and full of originality, and it is unnecessary to dwell on their extravagances.

The chief interest of the exhibition, however, belongs to the room in which a number of the paintings by Mr. Greaves, which were not among the collection that attracted so much attention at the Goupil Gallery last year, are now to be seen. It is a wonderful collection, and one forgets to criticise before such expressions of pure beauty as "The Nocturne, Battersea: Opal and Gold," "A Grey Note, Battersea," or "Green and Silver; the River Walk," with their lovely half-vanishing figures, their beauty of still nights and calm water. The fact that Greaves was not the first to paint these things in this special way, but that he did paint them so exquisitely, makes his achievement the more remark-

able in one sense, while the fact that he was unknown during Whistler's lifetime should surely increase the honour due to his work.

At the Leicester Galleries, the Hogarth Room, devoted to the work of Mr. George Clausen, makes one of the most interesting one-man exhibitions of the year. It is not easy to write of Mr. Clausen's work, because one would like to say so much more than is possible in the comparatively few lines available. There are paintings here which it is impossible to forget, and one or two which one can only regret should be placed anywhere but with "The Girl at the Gate" in the national collection. "A Little Fair Child," a three-quarter length of a little girl standing in a field, with her hands on the posts of a gate, is one of these. Though, of course, all Mr. Clausen's work has not the completeness and inevitableness of this painting of a child, there is something of its quality, the unselfconscious depth of sight and feeling, the strength of expression, the exclusion of all irrelevances, whether in such paintings as the "Rickyard in Shower" or "Harvest Time," or again in those like "The Three Diggers," in which he is most noticeably the descendant of Millet. The large canvas "Rejoicing after Rain," illustrates in another way one essential aspect of the resemblance of Mr. Clausen's work to that of Millet—his treatment of the relationship of mankind and Nature. In this picture one cannot tell whether the sense of rejoicing is expressed more in the forms of the men and women painted in the foreground, or in the beauty of the clearing sky and the fresh colour of the fields. There are one or two portraits in the collection, and a few pastels, as well as a certain number of water-colour sketches, which, probably executed as studies, were hardly worthy to be included in this exhibition.

The adjoining room at the Leicester Galleries is devoted to Mr. Arthur Rackham—the old, and, as we think, the real Mr. Rackham of "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," for the excursions into the Ring of the Nibelungen, beautiful as some of the individual drawings were, certainly lacked the spontaneity and freedom which characterises his best work. The present exhibition of illustrations to Æsop's Fables, with their exquisite humour, their sensitive pen-line and design, is a convincing proof that Mr. Rackham's genius has nothing to do with tragedy.

## At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Monday, young Agar-Robartes told a good story of an Englishman and an Irishman who clubbed together to buy a cow. When the purchase was complete, they tossed up as to who should own each half; the Irishman won, and chose the hindquarters; the Englishman had to take the head and shoulders, but quickly found out that he had the worst of the bargain, for he had to do all the feeding, whilst the Irishman

took all the milk. This puts the case of Irish finance into a nutshell, for the Home Rule Bill provides for forty-two members still to sit and vote at Westminster. "Considering we pay the deficit," he continued, "it would be more in accordance with the fitness of things if we sent forty-two members over to Ireland to look after our money and see that it was properly spent." Young Robartes is a Cornish Radical who likes to show his independence by wearing his hat at the back of his head and occasionally having a fling at the Government. He is well reported in the *Western Daily Mercury*, and farmers throughout the Duchy chuckle and say in the language of Arnold Bennett: "That young Tommy is a card."

Atherley-Jones was another Radical who wagged his head gloomily, and said the number ought to be greatly reduced.

Asquith trotted out the old argument that, after all, Home Rule was only a form of devolution, and Ireland, as a partner in the Empire, ought to have some representation in the Imperial Parliament.

F. E. flatly declared he did not believe the Government ever intended to bring in Home Rule Bills for Scotland and Wales, and the Unionists cheered when they remembered the Premier's promise that the reform of the House of Lords "was a debt of honour which did not brook delay." Government promises were a form of currency that had become debased.

Birrell did not put up any fight at all, and Balfour waltzed round him, pinking him here and there with his rapier. "The Home Rule Bill showed no signs of being part of a homogeneous whole. If that had been the case, why was Ireland given separate Customs and a separate Post Office?"

Were we going to have separate Customs between Wales and England or Scotland and England? "No!" yelled the Liberals. "Very well, then, what becomes of the plea that Home Rule is only an instalment?" But, as I have said times without number, argument is of no use. The big battalions flocked in as half-past ten struck, and the guillotine fell. Only one amendment had been discussed, thirty-five were killed, with the result that in a clause of thirty-two lines only two and a half received any consideration at all.

*Wednesday.*—Turning over the events of yesterday, I do not think the opposition to the Bill is being as well stage-managed as it should be. Too much time is devoted to one amendment; a few front bench men speak far too long. These speeches do not get properly reported, and we have few divisions. What would be far better would be to have short, sharp criticism and many more speeches of brief duration, and many more divisions on the various amendments. This would keep the Radicals on the run, and the papers would be bound to report the amendments and the divisions. As it is, the Press take little notice of the discussion. This afternoon Austen spoke for an hour on the financial resolutions. It is true he is an ex-Chancellor—but an hour! However, before he was on his feet, one or two interesting things occurred.

Banbury asked his question as to whether Stuart Samuel should resign on account of his firm making a profit on the Indian silver. The Prime Minister in reply said the law officers were considering the matter. "Very well," said Banbury, "I'll repeat the question next Monday."

Some time ago the Government appointed a Select Committee to consider the financial relations between England and Ireland. Asquith was asked to publish the names of the Committee, and declined, but said he would publish the evidence if there was a general desire. A petition was got up, but Asquith declared that it was not sufficient, so the pertinacious Godfrey Locker-Lampson got up another signed by 344 members, or more than half the House, and yet Asquith said it was not enough. Remnant, who is a truculent interrupter, bawled out that the Government only had a majority of four last Friday. "Was that a proof of the desire of the House?" Asquith, in the words of the Savoy opera, said: "That had nothing to do with the case."

Herbert Samuel proposed that we should hand over one and a half millions to Ireland, and spoke soft words. It would not be for long, and soon Ireland would be contributing to the Imperial Exchequer, whereupon one Unionist member, in the current slang of the day, said: "I don't think."

Philip Sassoon, the new member for Hythe, made an excellent maiden speech. All maiden speeches are generously called excellent, but this really was above the average, and he gained the goodwill of the House by his modest bearing.

Bonar Law wound up with a slashing speech delivered at a tremendous speed. At present we were pledged to complete land purchase, but he warned the Irish that they could not expect old-age pensions to be paid as well. He was quite willing to pay the Irish deficit so long as she remained a part of the United Kingdom, but if she demanded independence the case was entirely altered.

There is a French saying to the effect that "nothing is more possible than the unforeseen," and it looks as if Welsh Disestablishment will have a more stormy career than Home Rule. On Friday afternoon Asquith came down to move that the Committee stage must be limited to nineteen days.

Alfred Lyttelton in a reasoned amendment declared that "a Bill which during the admitted suspension of the Constitution proposed to disestablish, disendow, and dismember the Church of England in Wales—being the oldest and largest Christian body in the Principality—which is supported by members of the Government as a preliminary to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in England, and has never received the sanction of the country, requires the full and unfettered consideration of this House, and this House declines to apply any restriction to its discussion." The battle was fast and furious all the afternoon. It reminded Mr. Asquith of his pledge that there should be the fullest discussion, and taunted him that, if he did not,

he would be dishonouring himself and dishonouring his country.

Little Ormsby-Gore was in a towering passion. "You kick us because we are small. You are bullies in office. The resolution is that of a bully who is a coward. You dare not have discussion." The learned and academic Cripps, usually so placid and judicial, declared that the Bill was a "tyrannical resurrection of mediæval reactionary jealousy and intolerance." Griffith-Boscawen charged Sir Alfred Mond with contributing largely to the party funds for despoiling the Church, although he was regarded to have a larger income than that of the whole of the Church in Wales.

Mond jumped up, and denied the latter, but it was noted that he by implication admitted the former allegation. "Yah, Ap-Mond!" said a Unionist wag.

The Treasury bench was deserted, and then it leaked out that a hastily summoned Cabinet meeting had been called on account of serious news which had just arrived from the Balkans. McKenna came in to explain this, and replied for the Government, but his speech was punctuated by a running fire of comment and interruption from the Opposition, which culminated in the Speaker rebuking Paddy Goulding, who would not sit down, but kept rising to his feet and yelling fierce retorts to McKenna. McKenna asked if this was a sample of the free discussion the Opposition craved. As a matter of fact, I think it is not wise to interrupt McKenna. He does far more harm to his own cause by his statements if they are quietly listened to; but Winterton, Goulding, Remnant, and other back-benchers will never see this. The debate was eventually adjourned at five, and will be continued next Friday.

Like almost everything else in the world, the backbone of the Home Rule Bill is money. On Monday the Speaker sat in the chair, and the report or final stage of the money resolutions was down for discussion; but before that came on Asquith announced that there "were grave doubts" as to whether Stuart Samuel should go or not, and therefore, "according to precedent," he proposed to set up a Select Committee to decide the point. No man is more keen on precedent than the Premier when it suits him. The Opposition jeered.

Then our "Peckham" got up to move an amendment, of which he had given written notice, limiting the expenditure by England on Ireland to £2,500,000. When a young man lives at home, his father is willing to keep him; but if he chooses to set up for himself—well, it is a different thing; he must look out for himself. Banbury was against giving the Irish lad a blank cheque, and so limited it to the sum named. It was an intricate subject, and most people went away to tea, or to write their letters, whilst Herbert Samuel began one of his pooh-poohing speeches: Banbury's motion was so preposterous that he did not take much trouble to refute it.

The keen-eyed little Jerry MacVeagh and the deliberate Thomas Esmonde, who is, or was, an Irish

Whip, however, took the trouble to go over to the door and remark to the Whips: "I say, you chaps, aren't you rather short? There seems to be a devil of a lot of the Opposition about! We shall be pleased to put up some men to talk, if you like." But the Whips replied lazily: "No, thanks. We have about forty, and that's quite enough to go on with." So the Irishmen went away doubtful, but comforted. Mike Thompson replied to the Infant, and then, as no one got up, the Speaker put the question at 4.13. The bells started ringing, and members lounged in. Like lightning the news spread that something was wrong. I went to the Government Lobby, and waited until "All out" at 206 was pronounced; I then struggled down to the other end. The Unionists were still pouring through. There was a tense pause; the Government Whips, with their numbers ready, were waiting for the other side. The Bar was densely packed as "Peckham" and dear old Pike forced their way through, wreathed in smiles. They made a bee-line for the right of the table. The House knew at once what this meant. The whole Opposition rose to their feet—they stood on the benches, both above and below the gangway, completely hiding the Irish—and yelled until the roof rang again. For four solid minutes they kept it up; they threw their notice-papers up in the air; they waved their handkerchiefs whilst Illingworth and the other Whip slowly took their places on the unaccustomed left.

"The Ayes to the right are 228; the Noes to the left, 206," said Banbury.

Then the cheering broke out again.

Neither Bonar Law nor Asquith was in the House, but both were hastily sent for. After the Speaker had announced the figures, Bonar Law rose first, evidently with the intention of asking what the Government intended to do. Asquith rose an instant later, and, of course, had precedence. Bonar Law gave way, and Asquith, with ashen face, moved "that the House do now adjourn."

Again the tumult began. As Asquith left the chamber, he must have heard yells of "Good-bye, Asquith!" "Thank God, England is saved!" "Bang goes £400 a year!" and other phrases. I went off to send a wire over to Taunton. The House was up at 4.28 p.m., and, if it arrived at 5, the glad tidings would help to swell the majority I felt sure we should get.

For two hours members hung about the Lobby and Smoking-Room. "It is a paralytic stroke for the Government," said one. "I never knew a Government survive for long after so serious a reverse," said another. "It was a snap," said a third. "Nonsense—your men were earnestly requested to be present at 4, and your whip was double-lined," said a Unionist in the know. "Common form only," was the reply. "Well, it was a pity your men did not take common trouble to attend on the report stage of a money Bill," chimed in another Unionist: and so it went on. The Irish were very angry. Some said "Asquith was riding for a fall." I was sorry for Illingworth. He is a nice fellow, and this is the third reverse he has had; however, as he

passed through the smoking-room, in reply to our condolences, he bravely said: "It's nothing; it will only mean a few days' delay." We shall see.

"Things are jolly rocky on the Continent," said a youthful diplomat. "What will they say if we have a general election now? They will never understand it—they will say we are divided amongst ourselves." "Nonsense," said the more robust member for Hammersmith. "If there is any question of war, we should unite as one man under Asquith, whatever our politics"; and I leave the great day at that.

Every paper last night and every paper on Tuesday morning had the single announcement, "Defeat of the Government," and everybody flocked down to hear what Asquith would do. "They must resign," said the inexperienced. "A defeat on a money Bill on the report stage! It would be unheard of if they didn't!" But Asquith is not bound by precedent if it does not suit him. The House is a law unto itself: he and his merry men were not going to face the country just now and lose £400 a year! Not a bit of it. He had evidently conferred with the Speaker, and had obtained from him an opinion that he could move to rescind the vote; so he gave notice that he intended to do so on Wednesday. In the meantime we should proceed with the interesting subject of the White Slave Traffic. The humanitarians were eager to save the backs of the traffickers from the lash.

## Notes and News

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company will have ready in the course of the next few days a little gift-book for the Christmas season, by Robert W. Chambers, entitled "Blue-bird Weather."

"The River Rhymers," a volume of verses by Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry, treating of the Thames, its places, people, and life, from the source to the sea, will be published shortly by Mr. W. J. Ham-Smith.

The large demand for the Right Hon. James Bryce's new work on "South America" exhausted the first large edition soon after publication. The work has been reprinted with all possible dispatch, and it is hoped that further supplies will be available in a week or two.

Although "Zaza" at the Queen's Theatre has admirably introduced Miss Ethel Warwick in her new capacity as actress-manageress, the piece must come off at the end of next week, since Miss Warwick is under contract to produce "Sylvia Greer," a new three-act modern English comedy.

A new and revised edition of "The Government of England," by Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The work has been brought up to date by the addition of a new chapter on "The House of Lords and the Act of 1911."

Mr. Henry Frowde is about to publish "The Pageant

of English Prose," edited, with introduction and notes, by Mr. R. M. Leonard. This is a companion volume to "The Pageant of English Poetry," compiled by the same editor, but larger, consisting of 500 prose passages by 325 different authors, from John de Trevisa (1326) to "Fiona Macleod."

Mr. John Lane announces "Austria, Her People and Their Homelands," by one of the men who know Austria in her most remote provinces, such as the Bukovina. Mr. James Baker, F.R.G.S., is the author of this volume, which is illustrated with forty-eight water-colours by Mr. Donald Maxwell, of the *Graphic*, and has a map and full index.

Messrs. Hutchinson announce "Twelve Great Passions," by J. A. Brendon. In this book the author has re-told the stories of George III and the fair Quaker, Hannah Lightfoot, which is still more or less a mystery; of Princess Amelia, of Sir Richard and Lady Burton, and others. The book will be handsomely bound and beautifully illustrated.

Messrs. Herbert and Daniel will publish, in time for the Christmas market, a little volume which its author, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, entitles "Verses and Reverses"; "Lyrics," by Lady Margaret Sackville; "A Posy of Folk Songs," by R. L. Gales; "Songs of God and Man," by Anna Bunston; "The Silver Stair," by Charles Williams; and "Verses," by T. A. Bailey.

Mr. Harrison's new programme at the Haymarket Theatre includes a one-act comedy by Mr. W. J. Locke, entitled "An Adventure of Aristide Pujol," at 8 o'clock. At 8.30 the curtain will rise on Lord Dunsany's play, "The Golden Doom," for which Mr. Joseph Harker has painted the scenery from Mr. S. H. Sime's designs, and at 9 o'clock Mr. Stanley Houghton's comedy in three acts, "The Younger Generation," will be given.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins will publish during the next ten days the two last books upon his autumn list: a book on Embroidery Stitches, at 5s. net, by M. E. Wilkinson, with 200 illustrations, the aim of which is to epitomise the most useful embroidery stitches and add new and original ones that will increase the artistic effect of this particular species of needlecraft; and "Poems to Pavlova," by A. Tulloch Cull, with eight full-page illustrations of Madame Pavlova in her most famous dances, at 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. A. and C. Black will publish during November an important historical and topographical work in three large quarto volumes, entitled "The Annals of Hampstead," by Mr. Thomas J. Barratt. The author has devoted much of the leisure of over thirty-five years to the collection of material. That his industry and research have been well rewarded is evident from these volumes, which contain over 500 illustrations, including 30 facsimile reproductions in colours, 30 photogravures, and 6 valuable maps.

Messrs. Jack are sending out "The People's Books" in rapid succession, and announce a fourth dozen for issue on November 20. From the following list it will be seen that many interesting and novel subjects are treated:—"Geology," by Professor T. G. Bonney, F.R.S.; "Weather Science," by R. G. K. Lempfert, M.A.; "Hypnotism," by A. M. Hutchison, M.D.; "The

Baby: *A Mother's Book by a Mother*, by a University Woman; *"Motherhood: A Wife's Handbook"*, by H. S. Davidson, M.B., F.R.C.S.E.; *"Navigation"*, by W. Hall, R.N., B.A.; *"The Church of England"*, by Rev. Canon Masterman; *"The Hope and Mission of the Free Churches"*, by Rev. Edward Shillito, M.A.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

### THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.

**P**UBLIC interest throughout Europe, which until yesterday, as it were, was following breathlessly the irresistible progress of the Bulgarians towards Constantinople, the gradual penetration of the Servians to the Adriatic, and the crowning triumph of Greek arms at Salonika, has now been abruptly diverted to the capitals of the Great Powers, where, before the curtain has been rung down on the closing scenes of the first act in the Balkan drama, the second act is being carefully and deliberately cast. It is, perhaps, only natural that the renewed activities of diplomacy should awaken in the minds of men a fear lest, in the ultimate settlement of a problem that drew Greek and Slav together in league against the Turk, the jealousies of their stronger neighbours may precipitate deadly conflict between the powerful groups which at present maintain the equilibrium of Europe. If, however, we consider the various factors which go to make up the existing situation, we shall find that, although the issue of peace or war is not a little obscure, there are indications that a working compromise will be reached which cannot fail to remove, for a period at least, a general European conflagration.

Leaving Rumania—a country whose policy must be largely determined by the course of events—out of the question, the nations more closely concerned with the destinies of the Balkan peoples are Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia. The interests of the Dual Monarchy and her ally, identical in nature though not in degree, are political and economic; those of Russia, political and ethnological. We need not at this stage consider the political future of Thrace, of Macedonia, or of the Sanjah of Novi Bazar, for it is to Servian aspirations on the Adriatic that the activities of the chancelleries are at present directed. Servia, for centuries past isolated by arbitrary land frontiers, has at last fought and won her way to the sea. But her path lies across the country of the Albanians, the integrity of which both Austria and Italy profess to regard as sacred and inviolable. As an alternative to a port on the Adriatic, the suggestion has been made to Servia that she should seek for an outlet on the Ægean Sea, and so dispose of all possible cause for complaint. The Machiavellian motives underlying this proposal deceive no one, least of all the Servians themselves; for were it carried into effect a sharp wedge would be driven into the solidarity of the League, a solidarity which has alone been responsible for removing the principal cause of disturb-

ance from South-Eastern Europe. The settlement of the Balkan question, if it is to be final, must redress all ills and eradicate every conceivable element of friction.

Thus, before the campaign is at an end, we find Servia faced with the unhappy prospect of being robbed of the fruits of her hard-fought victories. Such a prospect meets with no yielding spirit, either among the army or at Belgrade, and, as was only to be expected, has raised a storm of indignation throughout Russia. It is, in fact, this sympathetic response in the Tsar's dominions—a response that has received far less attention at the hands of the British Press than it really warrants—which lifts the Servian question bodily out of the category of what certain Powers are too prone to designate their spheres of influence. To those who follow closely the political thought of Russia, the unanimity of opinion which characterises the utterances of Press and publicists in their advocacy of the Southern Slavs in general and of the Servian aspirations in particular, offers an unerring guide to the policy that must inevitably be pursued by the St. Petersburg Government. That Austria and Italy, by virtue of their special interests, possess the right to a place of importance at any conference summoned to settle once and for all the vexatious questions arising out of the Balkan problem we do not dispute; but we cannot concede to them so far-reaching a prerogative as that involved in anticipating the deliberations of such a conference by presenting a direct ultimatum to Servia. Yet the alarms of the past few days have arisen from more or less well-founded reports that the Governments of Rome and Vienna, acting in concert, and supported, of course, by the Wilhelmstrasse, are taking steps to protect their interests at the expense of the long-cherished hopes of their valorous but weaker neighbour.

It is only in a contingency such as this that fears can be legitimately expressed that Europe may find herself split into two armed camps, the Triplice and the Entente. For anything in the nature of peremptory harshness exhibited towards Servia at this stage will impel Russia swiftly to her side, and so determine positively the attitude of Great Britain and France, neither of whom can be unmindful of the essential support accorded by Russia throughout the crisis occasioned last autumn by the Agadir incident. And here it may be well to point a moral to a short-sighted school in this country, who are forever bewailing our entanglements on the Continent, and in the Russian net in particular. No sane person will deny that the establishment of a German base on the Atlantic coast of Northern Africa was a question of vital importance to Great Britain. The interests of France throughout Morocco do not enter the domain of controversy. But wherein lay justification for the staunch support accorded both these Powers by Russia? The answer is simple and significant. Although not in any way concerned with Morocco, she remained steadfast and loyal to her allies in the hour of their trial. "Upon one thing I believe the general opinion of Europe to be unanimous—that the victors are not to be robbed of the fruits which have cost them so dear." In this

recent utterance of Mr. Asquith is to be found implicitly Great Britain's honourable acknowledgment of the debt of last year, an acknowledgment the logical development of which, in certain eventualities, we need not at this stage dwell upon.

It would be idle to deny that the full scope of Servian ambitions portends danger within the dominions of the Dual Monarchy, for an advanced political party at Belgrade openly advocate the liberation of the Serb communities in the Adriatic provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Vienna has therefore just grounds for framing a policy which shall take into account the larger aspect of what is admittedly a delicate situation. Yet from the very fact that twenty-three millions of the Emperor Franz Joseph's subjects are racial kinsmen of the Balkan Slavs it would be unwise for Austria to proceed to extreme measures. Perhaps the only compromise possible in all the circumstances, one upon which both Belgrade and Vienna have yet to be persuaded, lies not in the abandonment but in the modification of Serbia's Adriatic policy. There would still remain, however, the thorny question of Albanian autonomy, a question on which the League are unanimous in their opposition to Italy and Austria. At present the efforts of the Triple Entente in regard to Balkan problems are being seriously employed in the direction of judicial mediation; but should those efforts fail in face of Austro-Italian obduracy, then nothing could prevent Russia from championing the cause of the Servians, and, if necessary, calling upon England and France to fulfil the simple obligations attaching to the Triple Entente—a call that would certainly not remain unanswered.

## MOTORING

ALTHOUGH it seemed to be almost universally known that nothing strikingly new in the way of design was to be expected at Olympia this year, the success of the exhibition was assured from the very first day, the attendance being many thousands in excess of previous records. It is also reported that more actual business has been done at the stands this week than at any preceding Show, but this is a matter which it is practically impossible to verify. Exhibitors are notoriously optimistic, and unduly disposed to take it for granted that an inquiry will necessarily materialise into a definite order. Nevertheless, everybody, exhibitors and visitors alike, has seemed in particularly happy mood on this occasion, and it may safely be asserted that the Show of 1912 has been an all round success.

By common consent the chief characteristic of the exhibition, which closes its doors to the public at ten o'clock this (Saturday) night, is the excellence of the bodywork to be seen on the principal stands. This is notably in advance of that shown last year in every respect, and it is difficult to see what room there is still left for improvement, either in elegance and harmony

of outline, perfection of finish, or interior accommodation and refinements. With so many handsome and luxurious bodies to be seen on every hand, it is a somewhat invidious task to single out any for special praise, but the concensus of opinion seems to point to the 38.4 Noiseless Napier Royal Saloon as being the finest specimen of motor carriage work in the Show, although so far as the mere colour scheme is concerned, the writer personally prefers the 15.9 h.p. of the same make. The 30 h.p. Sheffield-Simplex has also excited universal admiration for its magnificent bodywork, and in the opinion of many is fully entitled to share the honours of premier position with the Royal Napier.

With regard to the mechanism of the car of 1913, as shown at Olympia, it would be a mistake to assume that there has been no real progress made during the last twelve months, merely because the chassis themselves are, at a superficial glance, essentially the same as those of 1912. As the *Motor* aptly points out in a special article devoted to showing what is gained by buying a car absolutely up to date, experiments, and consequently improvements, are continuously being carried out by every motor manufacturer and designer, with a view to perfecting the various features of the car which still cause more or less trouble to the owner. Every motorist knows that in most of the cars running to-day there is occasional trouble with such things as clutches, leaky and noisy gear-boxes, sticking valves, rattling joints, inefficient brakes, imperfect ignition, etc., and it is obvious that there is much to be done before these defects are finally removed and the ideal car evolved. To all these faults the up-to-date manufacturer is fully alive, and there is no doubt that he is straining every nerve to eradicate them, and so gain a lead over his equally keen competitors. Thus year by year improvements in important details are embodied in the chassis as the result of the previous twelve months' experience, and the buyer of the latest car of any particular make may be certain that he is getting a better and more efficient article than the model of the previous year. It is to this gradual all-round improvement in detail, and to the progressive elimination of such defects as those indicated, that the motorist must look in future, rather than to any really revolutionary alterations in design or construction.

In the tyre section a notable absentee is the Victor, the tyre which has come into such prominence during the last few months, largely owing to the (unintentional) publicity given to it by the R.A.C. It will be remembered that the Club, after having consented to supervise a competitive trial between the Victor and other representative tyres, suddenly, and without any explanation, withdrew its consent, and threatened, if such a trial were proceeded with unofficially, to ban the Victor from all competitions and all exhibitions, including Olympia. This extraordinary proceeding has naturally led to a vast amount of controversy, the action of the Club having been strongly criticised in many quarters, with the result that the Victor has received a magnificent and continuous advertisement.

As a counter-move to its exclusion from Olympia, the makers announce that they will send a specimen tyre to any private motorist for inspection, without obligation to purchase.

A very large number of people assembled at the Aerodrome on Saturday evening, the 9th inst., to witness the exhibition of illuminated flying that had been postponed from the 5th. It was a perfect night for the display; there was no wind, and the temperature was mild. Had it been one of those bleak, cold nights, which are not restricted to any month in our changeable climate, it is certain that the onlookers would not have shown the great patience they maintained while waiting for the aviators to make their ascent; for, although each flight, as it took place, presented a very pretty spectacle, the interval between the displays was very long, and was not even relieved by the letting off of fireworks. Unless there is any particular reason why one machine should not be ready to start while another is still in motion, we are sure it would add greatly to the enjoyment of the spectators were a less interval allowed. The Aerodrome presented a very decorative appearance, lit up with small lamps, while the flashlights and the lights from the motor-cars added to the brilliance of the scene. We were glad to hear that Mr. Gates, who came down heavily owing to engine trouble, did not sustain any serious injuries.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

**N**OTHING is likely to be done in the City until the position in the Near East is cleared up. It is perfectly impossible for anyone to prophesy as to the result of the war; whether Russia will be able to control her Slav population, whether Roumania will keep quiet and whether Austria, Germany and Italy mean business or whether they are bluffing, no one knows or can know what will happen. In the meantime cautious people refrain from either buying or selling. Paris is determined to create a new boom if she can and Russia is also full of determination to mark prices up, but neither can control the future. The determination is actually the result of enormous buying on the part of the banks during the last slump.

The death of Lord Furness is a serious blow to the City. He was a bold and acute man of business, one of the greatest men that our industrial England has ever produced. That he made mistakes everyone knows, but his successes were quite phenomenal and achieved in the face of tremendous opposition. He was a loyal friend, a great man in every sense of the word.

One or two new issues have come out. Messrs. F. J. Benson and Company offered a very fine security in the City of Sydney 4 per cent. ten-year debentures. They were over-subscribed without difficulty. The British Orto Tyre and the Guatrache Land were also offered during the week, but neither of them attracted money. The public is shy, it wants big interest, and does not discriminate between an investment and a speculation. One of these days it will find out that you cannot get a security with 5 per cent.

There is still talk about the Chinese Loan. The Stock Exchange has officially declared that it will quote the Crisp Loan, and has therefore taken sides in the squabble. This is very reassuring. On the Continent neither the Bourses of Paris or Berlin would dare officially to quote a loan that had met with the disapproval of the Government. Here in England we are more independent. Indeed, the City resents any interference with its right to lend money to whom it chooses. The more one examines the attitude taken up by Sir Edward Grey the more hopeless does it look. In any other country but England accusations of bribery would be brought against the Foreign Office, but here, although we suspect our Foreign Office officials of stupidity, we are convinced of their rectitude.

**MONEY.**—As the end of the year approaches so does money become tighter. The banks charge the Stock Exchange 5½ per cent., but there was no difficulty in obtaining all the necessary funds. This is not surprising for we have reduced the "bull" account to an almost invisible item. Trade, however, is good, and prices are high; therefore there is no chance of any reduction in rates before the end of the year.

**FOREIGNERS.**—The Foreign market continues hard. Each day another "bear" buys back his stock, and each day his place is taken by one who has more courage; consequently the prices of all securities affected by the war keep firm. This is a most curious result, and should give people confidence that the trouble will end quickly. Unfortunately the strength of the quotations in the Foreign market is almost entirely due to an artificial shortage. The great banks came in and purchased right at the bottom of the big slump, and they are determined not to unload or weaken the market in any way. Greeks will certainly improve when the war is over, for whatever happens Salonica will become part of Greece. As this is one of the richest districts, and also one of the most populous, Greek finances will benefit. Indeed, it is said that there are so many wealthy Jews in Salonica that it is likely to become the commercial capital of the Near East, and there is a suggestion that a Stock Exchange should be established.

**HOME RAILS.**—Each week some new stock is taken in hand. During the past few days the bidding has been for Central London. The deferred, which a year ago were 69, are now 82, and the ordinary are quoted at 85. All kinds of tales are going about, and the latest story is that the Underground Electric have decided to acquire the road. This seems feasible. A few days ago, however, it was declared that the rise was due to the fact that the Great Western had interested themselves. A change in the sentiment of the City towards the Home Railway market seems certain. Brokers who a year ago were advising their clients to have nothing to do with Home Rails are now suggesting that they are sound securities. The statement that the Government intend to keep their promise to the railway companies may be responsible for the altered attitude of the City. But the fact that the traffics are good and that expenses have been kept down has probably a great deal more to do with it. I have steadily advised investments in English railways, for I know of nothing that offers a higher yield with so certain a security.

**YANKES.**—There is a great deal of nonsense talked

about the new President and his power to alter tariffs. Under no circumstances can he move for at least one year, and even then his power is very limited. The President of the United States is neither a tyrant nor even a constitutional monarch. Unless he can use great tact he is merely a cypher. There is no doubt that if the democrats were determined to cut down tariffs, trade in the United States would suffer, but there is no sign that they intend to do anything of the sort, and in any case nothing can happen for eighteen months to two years. All American railways are very cheap. Eries, Union Pacifics, Southern, and Steels are worth buying by those who have the money to pay for them.

**RUBBER.**—Very little interest is taken in the rubber market to-day, and there have been no important reports issued since I wrote last week. Djasinga issue their second annual report. This company has 4,464 acres planted with tea, coffee, and rubber. Its net profits amounted to £6,080, which are used in writing down preliminary and underwriting expenses. In spite of the big acreage I do not recommend a purchase of the shares.

**OIL.**—The only talk in the oil market is about the German attack on the Standard Oil. I think it will be found that the Imperial Company will make terms with the Standard. It can hardly get its oil in any other way. It is no use starting a company to supply the German Empire with oil unless the oil can be bought, and the Standard actually control at least half the oil that goes into Germany. Mexican Eagles have been hard on the news that another gusher had been struck. This one has been capped down. Rather wild tales are going about to the effect that the Mexican Eagle has ten years' oil supply in hand. It is impossible to say how much oil a well will produce. The mere fact that the pressure is great means nothing. I do not wish to throw cold water on the "bulls" of Mexican Eagle, for I think the company has great chances. Nevertheless, it is foolish to lose one's head.

**MINES.**—The full text of the Goldfields' report has now been issued. It tells us very little, and is very disappointing. The interim report of the Goldfields Rhodesian Development is even more disconcerting. Eldorado Banket appears to be going from bad to worse. The shoot grows smaller on every level, and values dwindle. The Shamva is also a very disappointing mine, and when one remembers that people paid anything between £4 and £5 a share for this property three years ago, and are as far off getting a dividend as they were when the mine was floated. One is not surprised at the hard things that are said in the City about the manner in which Rhodesian properties are handled. Between the first and third levels there has been a shrinkage of 83 feet in the width of the ore bodies. The values appear to me quite unpayable. There is a body of ore on the second level going 6.77 dwts. which might be crushed at a profit. But it is ridiculous to expect a dividend from ore on the prospect level, which only runs 3.8 dwts. I have said before that I think Shamvas definitely over-valued at par. However, Planet Arcturus would appear to be turning out a satisfactory proposition. This is a rich mine, and if it is carefully handled it may return its shareholders their money back. I doubt whether it will do more.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Nitrate reports still continue to make their appearance. But this is a dangerous market for the outsider, and I strongly advise holders to take advantage of the present prices to get rid of their shares. Presumably some of the "bulls" have got tired of holding on to their National Telephones. I think that those who can afford to wait would probably get at least £20 to £30 profit on their deferred shares at present prices. Furness Withy shares have been weak. This was only to be expected. The management of this company is good, and business is splendid. Therefore I think holders can keep their shares.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE TURKISH DEBACLE AND THE NATIONAL RESERVE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—The fate of the National Reserve hangs in the balance. The next few months must decide whether it is to die out—a well-meaning but abortive attempt to keep in touch with the men in the country who have had a military training—or whether it is to be made so great a reality that the country will not allow the military authorities to neglect it, even if they wished to do so. The National Reserve now numbers about 170,000 men. It can be doubled, i.e., brought up to 340,000 men, if all the counties in Britain do as well—and there is no reason why they should not do better—as London, Edinburgh, and Surrey. But if it is doubled, it is as certain as anything human can be that the Government will find the movement too big not to be taken seriously, and they will feel obliged to provide the men on the register with uniforms and rifles—absolute necessities should a call ever be made upon their patriotism. Numbers alone will force the authorities out of their present attitude of benevolent indifference.

It is because the National Reserve is in this critical situation, and because the overthrow of an ancient military Empire with an army of 400,000 fighting men, within a fortnight, has made the question of National Defence a living issue, that I ask your paper to give its powerful aid towards the work of obtaining the last 170,000 men. The seeking out of the trained men and the getting them to put their names on the register is a work peculiarly appropriate to the Press. Indeed, it can hardly be accomplished without them. When the National Reserve was started in Surrey, the first 700 names were obtained *solely* through appeals in the county newspapers of all shades of opinion. Again, it was through publicity in the Press that during the past six months the numbers of the National Reserve have been doubled. The inspection of the National Reserve by the King in Hyde Park at the beginning of June last was reported and commented upon in every newspaper in the land, with the result that the National Reserve added some 70,000 men to its numbers. If your paper, in conjunction with others, will now appeal to those of its readers who are eligible to join the National Reserve but who have not yet joined, I feel confident that the names will pour in by the thousand. Remember, there are still tens of thousands of men who have not yet even heard of the Reserve.

To be specific, I want to ask those of your readers who are eligible to send their names and addresses (stating distinctly the county or town in which they live), their ages, and the corps in which they served, to the *Spectator* Office, London. These replies shall be sorted out and sent to the secretaries of the various Territorial Associations in whose area the men reside. The reason for asking that the names and addresses should be sent to the *Spectator* and not direct to the Territorial Associations, can easily be explained. If you ask a man to send in his name to the secretary of, say, the Monmouthshire Territorial Association, ten to one he will fail to do so. He will not know the address, and he will also not know where to find it. If, however, he can cut a form out of his paper, fill it in, put it into a halfpenny envelope and address it to the *Spectator* Office, London, with the letters "N.R." written big on the envelope, he is far more likely to send his name.

As I have said, there are probably thousands of men who still do not know what the National Reserve is. May I explain by quoting the words of the first paragraph of the National Reserve Regulations:—

"The National Reserve, which forms a part of the military organisation, is primarily a register of trained

officers and soldiers who, being under no further obligation for military service. . . . are organised under the auspices of County Associations, and encouraged by the military authorities with a view to increasing the military resources for national defence."

Though registration involves no legal liability, it is of course fully recognised by all the members of the National Reserve that by joining the Reserve men and officers express their willingness in case of great national peril to these islands—that is, invasion—to place themselves at the disposal of the military authorities. Though there is no *peace* obligation whatever, it is clear that joining the Reserve involves the greatest, sternest, and most binding of obligations in the case of invasion. No one should dream of joining the National Reserve unless he means business—unless he is prepared to risk his life should the soil of this country ever be violated by the armies of a foreign Power. The National Reservist will never be required to serve outside Great Britain. *Of that he is absolutely assured.* But in the case of war within these islands he will, as I have said, be called on to do a soldier's duty. *No man who is not prepared to do this in case of invasion is wanted in the National Reserve.* Every trained man who is so prepared must not delay to register his name and address.

The men who are eligible for the National Reserve are ex-soldiers of the regular Army who have passed out of the Reserve, ex-Militiamen, ex-Yeomen, ex-Volunteers, ex-members of analogous Colonial forces, and all ex-soldiers who have seen active service, *i.e.*, who are in possession of a war medal, no matter how short was such service. Ex-sailors and Marines who are not under liability to be called up for further service in the Navy, and ex-members of the Royal Irish Constabulary who have completed not less than four years with the force are also eligible. In fact, every trained man and trained officer is eligible. Here is the Form which I suggest your readers who are eligible should fill in and post as described below:—

#### NATIONAL RESERVE.

To men with a military or naval training:

Fill in this Form. Cut it out and send it in an unsealed envelope with a halfpenny stamp, addressed as follows:—

N. R.,  
"The Spectator,"  
London.

If you prefer it, you can copy out the Form on a post card and address as above.

#### FORM.

I desire to join the National Reserve.

Name (in full) .....  
Address (in full) .....  
Age .....  
Former Corps .....  
War service (if any) .....

If you can let this Form, with a few explanatory words as to who are eligible, remain in your columns for a week or two, the effect will be increased not seven but seventy fold.

Those who are not eligible themselves, but who know men who are, can do a real service to their country by bringing this Form to the notice of men who are eligible. I am, Sir, yours faithfully, J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

1, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Friday, Nov. 8th, 1912.

[We are fully in sympathy with this movement and have much pleasure in printing Mr. St. Loe Strachey's letter.—ED. ACADEMY.]

#### BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It will be noticed that "Tom Jones" makes no reference to the extracts from Milton's paraphrases of the

Psalms which I quoted, but insists that the lines from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are not "poor stuff." In this opinion he places himself in direct opposition to all Shakespearean scholars.

The Baconian syllogism is not correctly stated by your correspondent. Baconians are much too clear headed to adopt such a contention. They do say: The Shakespeare works are those of a learned man. Shagspere of Stratford was not a learned man, therefore he was not their author. Or again: Bacon was a learned man, therefore he may have written the works. Both of which syllogisms are sound.

Tom Jones is wrong in saying that the notion that these works are those of a learned man is comparatively of recent date. But he would be correct if he said that the complete abandonment of the contention that they are the product of an unlearned man is of comparatively recent date.

The men and women whose opinions he cites were not exceptionally qualified to form a judgment on the subject. The Hales conversation did not have its origin until nearly 100 years after Shakespeare's death, and if it is true it only proves that Hales either knew little of the classical authors or less of their works. Davenant's real opinion of Shakespeare may be inferred from the fact that he considered the plays so faulty that he remodelled "Macbeth," "Measure for Measure," "Much Ado About Nothing," and, in conjunction with Dryden, "The Tempest." After Davenant's death, Dryden continued in the evil course "of demolishing these edifices of marble and rebuilding them with bricks." Dryden placed Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher before Shakespeare, and considered Congreve his equal. The opinions of such men ought not to weigh with us.

It seems strange that in the twentieth century it should be necessary to combat the statement that the author of the Shakespeare plays and poems was an unlearned man. It is true that Farmer's Essay was said by Dr. Warton to have settled the question as to the learning of the author for ever. But Farmer's arguments are inconclusive and, in view of our present knowledge, are based on premises which are not merely uncertain, but directly opposed to the facts. "The really crucial tests in the question he either evades or defaces," says Professor Churton Collins. Farmer wrote in 1767. The serious examination of the plays had then barely begun. The first commentator's work was that of Prebendary John Upton, published in 1746. He truly said, "I have often wondered with what kind of reasoning anyone could be so far imposed on as to imagine that Shakespeare had no learning; when it must at the same time be acknowledged that without learning he cannot be read with any degree of understanding or taste." He further states, "That a contrary opinion is owing partly to Ben Jonson's jealousy and partly to the pride and perverseness of dunces, who, under the umbrage of such a name as Shakespeare's, would gladly shelter their own idleness and ignorance." And old John Upton was right, except that Ben Jonson may be acquitted of jealousy, because his words have been misunderstood. Dr. Zachary Grey, the second commentator, or, rather, the third, if Edwards' "Canons of Criticisms" be included, writes: "His (Shakespeare's) knowledge in that respect (the Greek and Latin tongues) cannot reasonably be called in question." "He had a competent skill in the Latin language." Gildon was a vehement asserter of the learning of Shakespeare, and Dr. Sewel followed in his footsteps. Pope said there was "little ground for the common opinion of his want of learning." Theobald,\* whose edition of the works was of the highest merit,

\* The late Professor Collins writes of Theobald: "It may be said with simple truth that no poet in our own or any language has ever owed so great a debt as Shakespeare owes to this man."

writes that he is "unwilling to allow him so poor a scholar as many have laboured to represent him."

Dr. Dodd supposes Shakespeare's knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues to be proved and that he was not such a novice in learning and antiquity as some people would pretend.

The truth is that the disputants may be divided into two camps. Those who have not studied his works, but have read the tales which were manufactured to produce copy for the writers during the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, say Shakespeare had no learning. John Denis may be taken as a type of such. He said, "He who allows that Shakespeare had learning, and a familiar acquaintance with the Ancients, ought to be looked upon as a detractor from the Glory of Great Britain." They who have made a study of his works are practically in accord and convinced that the author was a classical scholar, and that his learning was profound. I cannot call to mind the name of one Shakespearean scholar of the first rank who, during the last hundred years, has held that the author was an unlearned man. The author was certainly a master of five languages—Latin, Greek, Spanish, Italian, and French. The late Professor Churton Collins, in his invaluable articles on "Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar," proves beyond the shadow of a doubt Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and of the classical works written in them. He points out the remarkable parallels in idioms and in peculiarities of diction and rhythm between the Greek writers and Shakespeare which must be attributed to their influence on him, and he writes: "It is indeed, in the extraordinary analogies—analogies in sources, in particularity of detail and point, and in relative frequency of employment, presented by his metaphors to the metaphors of the Attic tragedians, that we find the most convincing testimony of his familiarity with their writings." So Rowe was in error when, relying on the Hales conversation, he said: "It is without controversy that in his works we scarce find traces of anything that looks like an imitation of the Ancients." As to French, Richard Grant White says: "The author shows his knowledge of even the most delicate peculiarities of the French tongue." As to Spanish, Professor Elze, writing of the description of the language given in "Love's Labour's Lost," says: "Can one who describes the character of a language with such clearness and insight be unacquainted with it?" His knowledge of ancient and modern literature is acknowledged. Charles Knight wrote: "The very earliest writings of Shakespeare are imbued with a spirit of classical antiquity." Stapher, a distinguished French critic, says that some of the plays are "over-cumbered with learning not to say pedantic." Lord Chief Justice Campbell said that the author had "a deep technical knowledge of the law and an easy familiarity with some of the most abstruse proceedings in English jurisprudence." Carlyle wrote: "In the constructing of Shakespeare's dramas there is an understanding manifested equal to that in Bacon's 'Novum Organum.'" Lowell in "Among my Books," says: "The range and accuracy of his knowledge were beyond precedent, or later parallel." The author had travelled in Italy and France, and had an intimate acquaintance with the waterways of the former country now lost sight of. There is not a flaw in his geography. The position is thus summed up in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors:—

Let it be accepted as a truth past all debate, that among the great ones of the earth Shakespeare stands alone in unapproachable majesty. What was the secret of his power; from whence derived his marvellous insight into human nature under all circumstances, ages and climes; this accurate knowledge of sciences, governments, morals, manners, philosophies, and codes; this exquisite command of language never wielded before or since, by which each charac-

ter, event or thought is drawn in lines of living light? This, the greatest of all human mysteries which we have received from our fathers, we must transmit, deepened and heightened rather than lessened by our labours, to our children.

Can any appeal on this subject be more penetrating than that of Coleridge? "Ask your own hearts—ask your own common sense—to conceive the possibility of this man being—I say not, the drunken savage of that wretched sciolist, whom Frenchmen, to their shame, have honoured before their elder and better worthies—but the anomalous, the wild, the irregular, genius of our daily criticism! What! Are we to have miracles in sport? or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?"

I address to "Tom Jones"—his own words, "To persist in this fiction is not creditable."

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

11, Hart Street. W.C.  
November 4th, 1912.

#### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Martin says, in his letter in your issue of the 2nd inst., that if I will reply to his demands he will promise not to mention Browning. I can quite believe that, for the simple reason I have not given him the chance. I never wrote to any paper to exploit an epigrammatic conundrum. I merely endeavoured to the best of my ability to reply to the riddle, and apparently made my meaning so plain that Mr. Martin has understood at a glance. I really do not know whether to congratulate myself upon the clearness of my style, or Mr. Martin upon his singular cleverness. I rather fancy, from his letter, he would expect the latter.

When, however, Mr. Martin says that none of your readers takes any interest in his "mental peculiarities," he does himself an injustice. What does he imagine we have read three of his letters, and not short ones, for? Why, he has just occupied upwards of two whole columns of your paper in asking me to produce the evidence of my own investigation of Christian Science. Surely if my views and not his own were what he wanted your readers to rejoice in, he might have been a trifle, dare I say? less verbose. I have read quite a lot of Mr. Martin's letters, but they never gave me the impression that he was like the gentleman in "Ruddigore," is it not? who described himself as "diffidence personified." His epistolary manner reminds one less of Laconia than of Nares' "Life of Burleigh." I know Mr. Martin will murmur "chestnut." I can only excuse myself by saying that there are some things which instinctively suggest chestnuts.

Mr. Martin began by very generously explaining exactly how Christian Scientists mentally arrived at their conclusions. I merely humbly pointed out that it was possible that a Christian Scientist knew the mental process by which he arrived at his conclusions almost as well as Mr. Martin could know it in his behalf. I even went so far as to apologise for believing that I understood my own process of reasoning more clearly than Mr. Martin was likely to arrive at it by any number of "pot-shots." Produce your evidence that your conclusions are justified, he replies, with enchanting irrelevance, in a question it requires 163 lines to ask. It is very accommodating of Mr. Martin to offer me your columns in which to produce the evidence of Christian Science healing, but if it takes him more than two columns to ask for it, how many columns is he going to grant me in which to supply it? I am afraid it might be another case, if I may indulge in another chestnut, of the galley slave and Guicciardini.

Yours truly,

FREDERICK DIXON.

Amberley House, Norfolk Street, W.C.

## STRINDBERG'S WORK.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—If I am not intrusive, I venture to suggest that reviewers do not acquaint themselves with all the facts about Strindberg. "The Confessions of a Fool" and "Legends" are only two small segments of a vast curve traced by his mind in its progress. His last stage was not that of a broken-down neurotic, but of a man who had entirely recovered moral and mental equilibrium. This is evidenced by his latest important work, the Blue Books (1906-7), well described by Mr. Austin Harrison in the current *English Review*. It should be remembered that the "Legends" were written as far back as 1898, and the "Confessions of a Fool" in 1886. Yours, etc.,

THE TRANSLATOR OF THE "LEGENDS."

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## FICTION.

- The Works of Thomas Hardy: XIII.—The Well-Beloved.* XIV.—*A Group of Noble Dames.* With Frontispieces and Map of Wessex. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. each.)
- A Reckless Owner.* By Nat Gould. New Edition. (John Long. 6d.)
- Idle Hands.* By W. Clinton Ellis. (Jarrold and Sons. 6s.)
- The Aspirations of Jean Servien.* By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. (John Lane. 6s.)
- The Unbearable Bassington.* By H. H. Munro ("Saki"). (John Lane. 6s.)
- The Lovers of Sanna.* By Mary Stewart Cutting. With Frontispiece. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2s. net.)
- The Ultimate Conclusion.* By A. C. Fox-Davies. (John Long. 6s.)
- Beyond the Hills.* By Maibey Whittington. (John Long. 6s.)
- Céline: A True Story of the French Revolution.* By M. V. de Régner. Translated from the French by F. E. Fishbourne. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)
- Mary in the Market.* By H. Maxwell. (John Long. 6s.)
- Those that Dream.* By Yoi Pawlowska. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
- Devil's Brew.* By Michael W. Kaye. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- Pickanock: A Tale of Settlement Days in Older Canada.* By Bertal Heeney. (John Lane. 6s.)
- The Fifth Trumpet.* By Paul Bertram. (John Lane. 6s.)
- Hocken and Hunken: A Tale of Troy.* By "Q." (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)
- Promise of Arden.* By Eric Parker. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
- Chess for a Stake.* By Harold Vallings. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
- Bernardine.* By Rosina Filippi. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
- Two Can Play.* By Horace Muspratt. (John Long. 6s.)
- Levity Hicks.* By Tom Gallon. (John Long. 6s.)
- Dying Fires.* By Allen Monkhouse. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
- The King's Favourite.* By Henry H. Atkinson. (George Allen and Co. 6s.)

## VERSE.

- Proud Maisie: A Play in Four Acts.* By Edward G. Hemmerde. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)
- An Idyll, and Other Poems.* By E. Hamilton Moore. (Andrew Melrose. 2s. net.)
- Heather-Bells.* By D. J. Parry-Crooke. (Hammond, Hammond and Co. 1s. net.)
- Garden Suburb Verses.* By Mary Gabrielle Collins. (Co-Partnership Publishers, Ltd. 6d. net.)

- Poems and Ballads.* By Trevor Blakemore. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Field-Flowers' Love.* A Collection of Legends Rewritten and Illustrated with Woodcuts by Louise M. Glazier. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By George Forester. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Bird of Time: Songs of Life, Death, and the Spring.* By Sarojini Naidu. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse and a Portrait of the Author. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)
- King Fialar: A Poem in Five Songs.* By Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Translated by Eiríkr Magnússon, M.A. With Portrait of the Author. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.)
- The Unknown Way.* A Book of Verses by G. M. With Frontispiece in Colour. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. net.)
- Ballads Weird and Wonderful.* Illustrated by Vernon Hill. (John Lane. 21s. net.)
- Green Days and Blue Days.* By Patrick R. Chalmers. (Maunsel and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Enchantments.* By John Gurdon. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Immanence: A Book of Verses.* By Evelyn Underhill. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.)
- Egypt, and Other Poems.* By Francis Coutts. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
- New Poems.* By Dora Sigerson Shorter. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)
- Children of Don.* By T. E. Ellis. With Frontispiece. (Edward Arnold. 2s. 6d. net.)

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Paul and his Interpreters: A Critical History.* By Albert Schweitzer. Translated by W. Montgomery, B.A., B.D. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
- My Life.* By August Bebel. With Portrait. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope.* Compiled from the Cannon Hall Papers, 1806-1873, by A. M. W. Stirling. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (John Lane. 32s. net.)
- A History of American Literature.* By Wm. B. Cairns, Ph.D. (Henry Frowde. 6s. net.)
- Summer Days in Shakespeare Land.* By C. G. Harper. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Dawn in Darkest Africa.* By J. H. Harris. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Cromer. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Shelley.* By Roger Ingpen. With Portrait. (Herbert and Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Conquest of New Granada.* By Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B. With a Map. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)
- Sixty Years in the Wilderness: More Passages by the Way.* By Sir Henry Lucy. Second Series, with a Frontispiece. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Entre Deux Révolutions: Une Famille Ecosaise en Languedoc.* (Emile Larose, Paris.)
- Greek Thinkers; A History of Ancient Philosophy.* By Theodor Gomperz. Vol IV. Translated by G. G. Berry, B.A. (John Murray. 14s. net.)
- Histoire Financière et Economique de l'Angleterre.* (1066-1902.) By Etienne Martin. 2 vols. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 20 fr.)
- Louis XVII, and Other Papers.* By Philip Treherne. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Servile State.* By Hilaire Belloc. (T. N. Foulis.)
- The English Character.* By Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P. Illustrated by Frederick Gardner. (T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.)
- The Charles Dickens Originals.* By Edwin Pugh. Illustrated. (T. N. Foulis. 6s. net.)



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*Cross Views.* By W. S. Jackson. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

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*London University Gazette; Canadian News; Bookseller; Manchester Quarterly; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; Publishers' Circular; The International, N.Y.; International Journal of Ethics; The Collegian and Pro-*

*gress of India, Calcutta; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Bookfellow, Sydney; Cambridge University Reporter; United Empire; The Poetry Review; The Bibelot; Antiquary; Journal of the Imperial Arts League.*

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